

ENGLISH REVIEW

JUNE 1923



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THE ENGLISH REVIEW

JUNE, 1923.

If a man were asked to describe in one word the dominant characteristic of English politics since the war, the term most applicable might be "confusion." We see confusion of thought, confusion of theories, and confusion of ideals. We need peace, and, to secure it, we are advised to disarm in face of a seething Asia and a turbulent Europe. We strain after the good of our nation and of our race throughout the wide dominions under the British flag, and, lo! we are told that such an aim is tribal and atavistic, a retrogression to an obsolete past, a goal incompatible with the hoped-for solidarity of mankind.

In this state of mental anarchy and of conflicting desires, the necessity is manifest for a clear voice and a definite basis of political belief. Amongst the journals and periodicals which honourably strive to supply this need, THE ENGLISH REVIEW, under its new auspices, hopes to be numbered. Its title will betoken its objects. It will stand for England and for the interests of England, which include in their far embrace the Empire of which she is still the heart and core. Not less will it strive to further the growth and the advance of those two priceless possessions of a people, their literature and their art, which constitute the expression of their national being and forge true links of international esteem.

Against the cranks and the faddists, against the hesitation which cannot resolve and the feebleness which fears to act, this REVIEW will ever protest. It will recognise racial capacity as the measure of democratic possibility and the character of a nation as the determining factor of its work in the world.

But, above all, THE ENGLISH REVIEW will stand for the national ideal as furnishing the only sure foundation for that movement towards international union in which,

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by some, ultimate wisdom is supposed to inhere. At this point controversy becomes fundamental and marks the dividing line between two profoundly antagonistic schools of thought. On the one side is Socialism (with Bolshevism behind it), dominating Labour and dragging reluctant Liberalism along in the dust of its chariot wheels. On the other side is Conservatism, representing all that is left of sanity and the historic sense. The Socialist is the Internationalist. He is the dissolver. His path to his assumed paradise lies through disintegration. The road towards union which nature, in history, has imposed upon man is to be abandoned. Science is to be superseded by nescience. The ways of evolution are to be deserted by its would-be improvers. Science shows that, since matter began, the road of development has lain through the aggregation of parts. The electron, the particle, have been grouped together in the atom. An aggregation of atoms has formed the molecule, and out of the aggregation of molecules has arisen the structure of substance.

So in like fashion has the growth of human society been achieved. The family has expanded into the tribe, the tribe into the nation, and the nation into the race. Always the process has been one of the aggregation of parts into a larger whole. Over the long succession, from the beginning of life to the social structures of civilised man, nature has maintained the reign of the same law.

But now that law is challenged. Now, wiseacres, for the most part wholly ignorant of the past of humanity, defy Nature herself. The Socialists, the Communists, and the Red International affect to seek the union of mankind by reversing and rending to pieces the whole procedure of development prevalent since this planet came into being. In the vision of these dreamers, nations are to end, nationality is to be abolished; even family life is to cease to exist. The individual manual labourers, *minus* the *intelligentsia* which has hitherto inspired and directed their toil, are to put back the clock of evolution and to unmake the work of all the ages since man appeared. Out of the separate human units, once having natural place in peoples and States, is to be created, as the ultimate good, one vast "dictation of the proletariat," *sans* science, *sans* ethic, and *sans* soul.

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This is actually the ideal held out to the multitude by the Bolsheviks of Russia, and by those of their disciples who have captured the trades unions of England. In essence it is exactly equivalent to the idea of a madman who should propose to dissolve a flower or a tree, by undoing every process of nature which had produced it and, after having disrupted the very elements of its structure, to form a new and effective organism out of their primary constituents. If this conception be not nonsense, what is nonsense?

To dwell thus a brief space on the monstrous theory lying at the root of modern Bolshevism is no waste of time. For the Socialist, even when he is individually persecuted by his teacher, is still intellectually the slave of the Bolshevik. And English Socialism, deriving its animating principles from Moscow, is the master and the driving force of the Labour Party in the House of Commons to-day.

Again, the need of showing a definite basis of political belief has been already affirmed. That basis is found in science, which should form the only true foundation of conservative policy.

By science we mean the knowledge derived from the study of natural law. Thus we have just shown the bearing of an acquaintance with the methods of evolution upon any reasoned judgment of Bolshevik aims, and the unutterable folly of these has clearly emerged. In like manner the study of psychology, and even of physiology, displays the immense mischief which must inevitably result to the human race as a whole, or to any nation in particular, from an application of Socialist principles.

For instance, biology shows the development of faculty to be contingent upon its exercise. Alike, the arm of a blacksmith and the brain of a philosopher acquire strength from use. On the other hand, degradation from disuse is nature's penalty for slackness. What, then, shall we say of the "ca' canny" policy of those English trade unions which, in absolute defiance of those immutable facts, forbids trade union members to work proportionately to their individual capacities? Here Socialistic theory stands, like a naked savage in the midst of civilisation, in flagrant opposition to primary morality based on scientific fact. Science says, "Thou shalt work to the measure of

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thy natural strength, or thou shalt decay." Socialism, applied practically by trade unionism, says, "Thou shalt not work to that measure, though thou shalt claim to be rewarded as if thou didst." Socialism becomes here, therefore, the demonstrated enemy of man. Its instrument in this country, trade unionism, forbids by this prohibition the development of the spirit, the mind, and the capacity of every one of its members. In doing that it fights nature, for it arrests that individual development which is nature's aim. Socialists become, therefore, in a strict sense the outlaws of the universe.

To grasp the results of Socialism, let us imagine what would have been the present condition of this country in the absence of its influence. There need have been, to start with, no housing difficulty. That difficulty has arisen simply because the immense cost of building operations, coupled with the purely Socialistic restriction of rents, has driven private capital out of the field. But why has the cost of building become so great? Because Socialism, acting through trade unions, refused to allow labourers to exert the power of work which nature had bestowed on them. If every bricklayer had been permitted to work according to his capability, the average number of bricks laid in a day would have been over a thousand, instead of about a third of that number. In that case private capital, invested in building operations, would have appeared on the scene. Houses would have been built throughout the land. As supply would soon have overtaken demand, there would have been no longer excuse for rent restriction. There need have been no unemployed in the building trade. Most workmen would have been paid at least as much as they have actually received, while many, since wages would have been proportionate to output, would have received more.

What has prevented all these most obvious possibilities has been merely the application of those Socialist principles which have been enforced by the trade unions, and are at this moment represented by the Labour members in Parliament. Hence those members and those unions are the actual causes of the great misery of which the housing difficulty is the source. It is they who are chiefly responsible for the evil of overcrowding. It is

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Socialism which has inflicted this serious injury on the country. This is its result.

But the effects of its criminal folly in regard to housing are but one instance of its effects generally. The whole state of industry throughout Britain to-day constitutes its indictment. What else but Socialism, preached at the street corner and spread in the workshop, has instigated the strikes which, linked with the restriction of output, have brought disaster to English trade? But for Socialism, our manufacturers would not have been compelled to increase prices until they lost markets. The strikes, when coupled with shortened labour and the "ca' canny" system, were exhibitions of senseless stupidity. For you may have high wages, or you may have lessened production, but you cannot permanently have both. Our manufacturers being forced by Socialism in some instances to close their doors, and in many to discharge large numbers of their hands, a vast amount of unemployment has necessarily followed.

To proclaim these truths, to urge them with the energy which the situation demands, to make clear to the nation the dire injury wrought by Socialist fallacy—these should be the main ends of everyone who really has the interests of the country at heart; and, so far as it can make its voice heard, these will be the ends of *THE ENGLISH REVIEW*. To further a return from charlatanism to common sense, and from mists of meaningless verbosity to the actualities which govern national and individual life, is an aim calling for the assistance of every loyal and sane Englishman and Englishwoman. Therefore, we appeal with confidence to such as these to give us the support essential to success.

In all the external and internal affairs of England *THE ENGLISH REVIEW* will stand for an English policy, as, in regard to art and to literature, it will seek to maintain the English tradition. It will advocate a virile and independent Conservatism, based on that only sure foundation, the recognition of fundamental reality. It will help to expose the hollowness of many political catchwords and the emptiness of many politicians.

Its advent marks a return to pre-war conditions, in that its price will in future be but one shilling, instead of

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two, so that the English public will now have the opportunity of purchasing for that sum a review of the first class, adhering to the highest standards of literary work and enjoying the aid of writers who, whether in the expression of thought, or in the sphere of action, must command the respect of their fellow-countrymen.

But to render real service in the pursuit of high ideals more is required than the mere expression of academic thought. Behind that must be living individuals, moved by enthusiasm and guided by reason. THE ENGLISH REVIEW stands for a group of Englishmen who believe in patriotism as the impelling force necessary to national success, and in the utterance of truth, however unpopular, as the only means to secure the repudiation of shams.

In the authors of articles which will appear in its numbers, the public will find the names of many of its old friends. Mr. Charles Whibley, for instance, who is honoured wherever fine scholarship, and political honesty, and literary skill receive recognition, will be a frequent contributor to its pages, and is prevented only by illness from writing in the present number.

We shall not, however, by any means rely exclusively on the help of those of established fame. We hope in addition to give opportunity for emergence to talent hitherto unknown. Through the restriction of articles to about half the usual length, coupled with the enlargement of its size, THE ENGLISH REVIEW will be able to give greater scope for the treatment of many subjects, and we desire and shall welcome contributions from writers of ability whose mark is yet to be made.

The fighting Services, neglected before the war, idolised during its progress and, in accordance with historic precedents, treated already in some quarters almost with contempt, will receive our unstinted support. Without them, this nation could not long continue to exist.

So, in high hope, though with diffidence, we embark on this venture, of which the aim is England's good.

Current Comments

WE share most fully in the deep and widespread regret excited by the resignation of Mr. Bonar Law and by its cause. Perhaps the best name by which to distinguish him with lasting gratitude would be "The Peacemaker," a rare and most honourable designation. Few men in troublous times can ever have done more than he to allay the animosities of public life.

The Premiership

With equal sincerity we welcome the appointment of Mr. Stanley Baldwin as his successor. No more fitting decision could have been reached. He is a man absolutely devoid of affectation, equally able, straightforward, and sincere.

He has the great gift of sympathy, he is in touch with humankind, and he has the saving grace of humour. We believe that at this time the Conservative Party could have no better leader, and that he is immeasurably and incomparably better suited to deal with the affairs of England and the Empire than was Mr. Lloyd George.

In this national crisis we expect to learn that Lord Curzon has shown the fine qualities of a great English gentleman and statesman. He had a strong claim to the Premiership. But the exigencies of party government, which cannot be ignored, admit of no doubt that he could serve his country better at the Foreign Office, where, since the General Election, he has done much to restore British prestige.

"THERE is something to be considered before forms of government," said Disraeli, "and that is national character, and herein should we repose our hopes."

The Dole v. Self- Reliance

Those who are inclined to regard everything in the world of human affairs as directed blindly by inexorable economic laws, would do well to remember these words of Disraeli's, particularly when a crisis threatens, and hard times seem inevitable. For the people of this country have a very distinct national character, a character that was taken into account by the legislators of the past, but which to-day threatens to be destroyed, unless statesmen will take it into their heads

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to legislate, not according to some universal principle that sounds practical and possible to the ear of a Frenchman, Italian, or Pole, but according to a national principle that does no violence to the national character, and even aims at preserving and fostering that character. Now the English character is, above all, one of almost tigerish self-reliance. The Englishman is always at his best when confronted by overwhelming odds. The Princes who fought at Poitiers and Agincourt, where the English bowmen were faced by seven times and five times their number respectively, took this characteristic into account—ay, they even staked their all upon it; as did also Wellington again and again in the Peninsula. But is any account taken of the stout English heart by the legislators of to-day? Are laws ever framed now by men who have one eye fixed on the essential features of the people's character, and who care whether that character rots or thrives? The very core of the British nature is self-reliance. The dole is a direct poison to which that core is at present unmercifully exposed. How long it will survive its devastating effects it is impossible to say. But which of our gallant members of Parliament would not laugh in these days, if he were told that one of the first duties in legislating for a people is to consider the peculiar features of their national character, so that no damage may be done to it, and so that it may persist unimpaired? Modern legislators are much too "practical" to pay consideration to anything so hazy, vague, and intangible as the national character, and they would hardly listen with patience if they were told that the economic aspect of the dole, and its pressure upon the public purse, is an evil infinitely less regrettable than its power for undermining the primary virtue of the English race.

It is being suggested, most unwisely, that the construction of the proposed new naval base at Singapore shall be postponed until the Royal Air Service has been reinforced. The argument is that, as there is little money available, what is available should be used to secure the safety of this country. It is, of course, the argument of the amateur strategist, led by Viscount Haldane, that philosophic

**A Naval Base
at Singapore
Indispensable**

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lawyer. The truth is that both the new naval base and the new Air Force are required at the same time. The construction of the naval base at Singapore is a requirement of Imperial defence, whose fulfilment has been too long delayed. It is an integral part of the strategic security of the Pacific, whose necessity is, naturally enough, little understood by the public at home.

Where, they ask, is the enemy? Strange as it may seem, that is not the point. The point is that the danger to security consists in the possibility of interrupting the passage of sea-borne trade and imperilling sea-communications. It is for the sole purpose of preventing these injuries that the Navy exists. By virtue of securing the safety of sea-communications, the Navy also denies the use of the sea to ships of the enemy, thereby cutting off his supplies. The knowledge on the part of foreign Powers that the British Navy can stop supplies, is the most powerful known incentive to the preservation of peace. A potential enemy requires no great naval force to work immense damage upon sea-borne trade. The safety of India, Australia, and British possessions in the Pacific depends upon the provision of a naval base at Singapore. The expenditure upon the work must extend over several years, so that of the whole sum required only a proportion is needed for the present. As regards the defence of British interests in all distant seas, the rule is still sound: "The Navy first."

THE situation may be summarised by saying that though a naval base at Singapore is demonstrably essential

Sharing	to the defence of British possessions and
the	British interests in the Eastern hemisphere,
Burden	the provision of that base is alleged to be

inexpedient by reason of the present poverty of Great Britain. That being the contention, the best solution of the problem will be found evidently in some method of lessening materially the amount of the proposed expenditure. The main realms under the British flag, for whose protection the Singapore base is designed, are India, Australia, and New Zealand. Why, then, since they are to be the principal beneficiaries, should not the outlay be

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shared with them? The estimated cost is £11,000,000. Suppose that this sum were to be divided into three equal parts, of which India should be required to provide one, Great Britain another, and Australia and New Zealand—each according to the respective populations—were asked to supply the third. Would not such a request to the British Dominions named be in the highest degree reasonable? Is it not precisely such a matter as might well be brought before the next Imperial Conference of Prime Ministers? We may be sure that in Australia itself it would receive the support of such a statesman as Mr. Hughes, and of all other far-seeing men; while in New Zealand, always loyal to the Empire, there would be good prospect of agreement. We are not without hope that this suggestion may be followed up in the House of Commons.

IN a leading article of the *Westminster Gazette* we are told:—"It is not too much to say that the Krupp sentences have shocked by their severity almost

**A bas
la France !**

every section of political opinion in this country. They are obviously too drastic. . . . The French people may take warning from our newspapers that they have jarred the feeling of justice which exists in the mind of the average British citizen."

It is easy to say that the French action is "obviously too drastic," but no facts whatever are adduced to show that the measures taken were more harsh than was necessary to attain the results agreed on in the Treaty of Versailles. The *Westminster Gazette*, however, makes no mention of this Treaty. One might suppose that the French were in time of peace making an unprovoked raid on Germany after the manner of Frederick II. with Silesia.

The troubles of the French, as well as all the censures of their critics, arise from the Allies' initial mistake in not, according to the usual practice, taking security for the performance of the Treaty at the time it was made. Germany, for example, in 1871 assented to no armistice until her troops were in occupation of France; and the terms of peace were simple, mainly consisting in defining the manner in which the German troops would gradually relinquish that security according as the French performed their pro-

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mises of indemnity. The Germans, *i.e.*, preserved for themselves the safe position of being the party whose *performance* came last. This being arranged, the Germans never needed to do anything "drastic" or "unjust" such as to incur the censure of the *Westminster Gazette*. On the contrary, when they acted at all, it was to retire.

The Allies, however, weakly forbore to take this prudent course: *hinc illæ lacrimæ*. What has happened might have been foreseen. Germany naturally refused to implement a mere promise. France is therefore put to the trouble of "taking proceedings" against her dishonest debtor, not before a court of law, but *vi et armis*—*in the way agreed on*, and is now engaged in levying execution on the debtor's goods; all according to treaty.

If the French are exceeding their treaty rights, at all events the *Westminster Gazette* does not say so. Its contention would seem to be that France has no rights at all, or at least, does wrong in acting on them. Mr. Lloyd George was nearer reality when he said on May 5th, 1921, that the coercion of Germany "means compelling the German people to face disagreeable facts, and they will not do this unless the alternative is still more disagreeable." Would that the subsequent action of the late Premier had been consistent with this truth.

"THE CRUX of de Valera's offer," says the Irish correspondent of *The Nation*, "is, of course, the oath of allegiance. Sooner or later, this oath will have to go; it is repugnant to the sentiment of the people of Ireland, and useless as a safeguard to the people of England." *The Nation* receives this announcement with unruffled composure, not even deeming it worthy of a word of comment. Yet it strikes at the very root of England's remaining official connection with Southern Ireland. The oath of allegiance formed an absolutely essential part of the understanding upon which Parliament was led to accept the monstrous surrender of British authority, and it was brandished before the eyes of the country by the three principal authors of the deed, namely, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and Lord Birkenhead, as one of the great safeguards securing the

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retention of the Southern Irish region within the British Empire. But if the oath of allegiance disappear, what becomes of the supremacy of the British Crown? Both in reality and in the eyes of the world, that figment, used to delude the British public, will be abolished, and the creation of a hostile Power on the flank of England will be clearly revealed. The tranquil certainty with which *The Nation's* Irish correspondent speaks of a practically complete severance from British suzerainty, involving a radical alteration of the Treaty, is typical of the point of view in the Free State.

THE new editor of *The Nation*, Mr. Keynes, has expounded his views in a signed article on "British Policy in Europe," which appeared in the first issue under his control. The conclusion at which he arrives is that it was not "in the general interest to disarm Germany, yet to leave France with the largest army ever known in Europe in a time of peace." That army is, however, the only really effective force remaining by which the coercion of Germany could be achieved, in the event of her not fulfilling the obligations undertaken by her under the Treaty of Versailles. The deduction is, therefore, that it would have been far better, in Mr. Keynes' opinion, to trust entirely to the honesty, rectitude, and straightforward dealing of the Teutonic Empire. Mr. Keynes must evidently believe that Germany had displayed all these qualities so conspicuously in the past that not to confide absolutely in her goodwill and purity of soul was a terrible mistake. What ought now to be wished for, Mr. Keynes proceeds to indicate, is the disarmament of France, and what grieves him is that—as he points out to his readers—he does not quite see how this much-to-be-desired aim is to be attained. The only little circumstance which has plainly escaped Mr. Keynes' memory is that, during the war, France was our friend, our ally, and our blood-brother—not Germany.

Further on in the lucubration just referred to, the editor of *The Nation* intimates, not obscurely, his sorrow at a recent utterance of Lord Grey in the Upper House, when he said: "All of us sympathise with the aims and the justice of the objects

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which France has in view." Mr. Keynes hopes that this language was diplomatic, or conventional, since real sympathy with French aims seems to him something much to be deprecated. That an English paper, with an English editor, should take up this line will be considered astonishing only by those who have not recognised the extent to which the Liberal Press in general, and *The Nation* in particular, have thrown in their lot with Germany. That England should discharge her debt to the United States they fully approved. There was no harm in that, for it meant our loss and another Power's gain. But that the Teuton should be brought to heel and forced to settle his financial account with the Allies—that was utterly impossible and "a legend," as Mr. Keynes calls it, full of mischief to ourselves.

THE treatment of Art O'Brien's case by a large portion of the Liberal Press supplies a curious instance of the expectation of big results from a technical error. The essential point was that the authorities responsible for maintaining order in Great Britain discovered the existence of a dangerous conspiracy on the part of certain individuals who were subjects of the Free State. In the interests of public safety, they were arrested, but, instead of being tried in England, they were deported to Ireland. Before following this course, the Home Office took the best legal advice at its disposal, and received assurance that its action was legally correct. That advice has since turned out to be technically mistaken, and, as a consequence, the deported persons have had to be brought back. Now if blame attaches to anyone in connection with these proceedings, it is obvious that it must fall upon the legal pundits who gave the Government erroneous interpretations of the law. The Government are not challenged on the ground of the original action which they took, but on that of having been led into a position legally untenable through this default of their legal experts. Yet we have seen during the last month endless predictions of the consequent overthrow or reconstruction of the present Administration. Here, manifestly, the wish is father to the belief. Why on earth should this or any other Government go out of office merely by

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reason of a technical legal error, for which, in the nature of things, they were not in any genuine sense responsible at all? The only real importance of the affair lies in the affirmation by the Appeal Judges of the Free State's complete independence of English law. It is a fact of which (in another sense) the unhappy loyalists of Southern Ireland had already been made painfully aware.

A MEMORANDUM issued by the Stationery Office informs us that the cost of our Government is four times higher than before the war. Now so large an increase cannot be explained by a rise in prices from 100 to 176.

**Public
Expenditure
Quadrupled**

"What value do I get for my taxes?" inquires the citizen; but no sort of answer comes to him from any official quarter. And this information is withheld even in Parliament, where the cost of an object and its value to the country are treated separately. This is only one among a hundred points where the citizen is deliberately kept in a state of ignorance.

"What are the objects on which my money is spent? Is this present cost necessary? In what sense do I and my neighbours govern the country when it is impossible for any of us, however competent and industrious, to obtain the indispensable information for forming intelligent opinions?" These, surely, are appropriate questions for every Englishman. But who can tell us where to go, or whom to ask, for answers?

In the meantime, the taxes are four times greater, and our means of meeting them far less, than before the war.

Quos Deus vult perdere . . . Bolshevism is a disease which destroys its victims by first robbing them of their sanity. There is a diabolical method in the **Anarchy in Art** madness of its apostles, who are sworn to shatter to its very foundations every faith by which civilised humanity has raised itself above the level of the brutes.

They wage a relentless war upon all forms of religion, all accepted standards of conduct and honour, all literary and artistic tradition. The code of morality which has resulted from, or rendered possible, the evolution of family, as distinct from herd life is derided and furiously reviled.

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Russia was an easy prey owing not only to the accident of events, but chiefly to the character of its people. In the nations of more robust civilisation the disease germ of Bolshevism has only so far been able to find lodgment in the feebler elements of the population, first naturally in the lowest strata of the ignorant work-shy, attracted merely by appeals to their lazy cupidity, and later to an increasing extent in the decadent dregs of the so-called intellectuals.

Never before has there been such an orgy of anarchy amongst so formidable a number of those who impudently claim to belong to the world of literature and art. There is a vast production of amorphous jargon, miscalled verse (not to say poetry), devoid of metre, rhyme, or reason, which adds a new terror to editorial labours. Exhibitions of sculpture and painting are common in which the only competition would appear to be between lewd morbidity and idiotic obscurity.

Not content with their antic performances, the disciples of these strange new cults claim to have scaled intellectual heights beyond the reach of the obsolete orthodox, whose standards of beauty they despise.

Some remarks the other day by Dr. Alington, the headmaster of Eton, protesting against such abuse of the English language, prompted the request that he should crystallise his views in a brief article which might have a more permanent record in *THE ENGLISH REVIEW*. Dr. Alington has courteously responded by sending the contribution which appears in this issue, and which, as he modestly says, touches only a small part of a very large subject.

His views are assured of wide approval, and we trust that he will find time to return to the subject.

The Old "English"

By Austin Harrison

ONCE more THE ENGLISH REVIEW has changed hands, and once more it reverts to a shilling. Its fortunes have been romantic, in which spirit it may be said to be characteristically English, now up, now down, yet always clamant, individualist, ardent, the vehicle and platform of opinion.

The REVIEW was founded by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, making its first appearance in December, 1908. Its blue cover pleased at once, and under his editorship a new literary venture was started, which both puzzled and perturbed. For one thing, there seemed to be no features, as we now call them. The only canons were quality. There was no prescribed length to any article or story; in short, the REVIEW was a school and its constructive form an attitude, the "critical attitude," as such provoking immediate controversy in an island where criticism has few friends and no favours.

None the less, the REVIEW flourished for a year and then languished. Instead of supporting a platform essentially designed for the literary artist, he (generically) withheld his half-crown and himself became counter-critical, while the great public ignored it. Capital was lacking. Two years after its brilliant start, the liquidator appeared in the office, and I was rung up on the telephone.

The speaker was Sir Alfred Mond. "Would I edit it, if he bought?" I accepted at once, and on the following day I began to wrestle with the next issue.

I was delighted to have a chance to direct a REVIEW because, having resided on the Continent almost continuously since leaving school, I was astonished at the number of forbidden subjects, and thought I saw various things which needed saying, several closed doors which ought to be forced, quite specific tasks which required tackling, the chief of which was not the Hueffer "critical" attitude, but an "adult" attitude towards the arts and matters

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generally, and so about the beginning of the year 1910 the second proprietorship of the REVIEW began.

Almost directly we got into trouble. We encountered fierce political hostility—the Free Trade fight was pretty bitter then—and probably I "asked for" it. At any rate, I set out to gather round me men who at that time, for one reason or another, found it very difficult to obtain a hearing, and one of these was Frank Harris. He wrote an article contrasting Japanese morality with ours, such as to-day any schoolgirl would read with the full permission of her parents; but in those days the subject of morals was taboo and it produced an uproar. *The Spectator* came out with a flaming indictment; societies agitated; in drawing-rooms the REVIEW was burnt over the teacups. I got up a petition of protest signed by nearly all the literary artists of the day, headed by Thomas Hardy, but to no purpose; one morning the fell news came that the trade were boycotting us.

We were off the bookstalls—banned, in disgrace, and sales fell by the hundred. The question was, would Sir Alfred Mond hold on? He did gamely, and then, four months after the boycott, a man strolled into the office, dripping wet (it was raining furiously at the time), unpacked a thick manuscript, told me no publisher would look at it, and walked out into the rain.

The man was John Masefield and the poem was *The Everlasting Mercy*. I took it home and, after reading it, decided at once to publish. But in proof form it looked catastrophic—to the editor. I think it contained eighty repetitions of the word "bloody" and ran to eighty pages of print. I sent it to three literary lights for consideration. One said it was "bloody rot." The second said I should be locked up if I printed it. The third said: "It's splendid, but it will smash you." That decided me. The poem appeared unedited in the following issue. Two days later the telephone began to ring continuously. Sir Alfred Mond 'phoned: "You've done it, but it was worth doing"; and then it got into the public houses, where the fight scene was read out aloud to admiring pugilists.

Probably no poem ever created such a stir since Byron's *Don Juan*. We printed edition after edition. A society lion-hunter asked me to dinner. A few weeks afterwards

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the trade placed us on the bookstalls again, from which date we never looked back.

Those eighty bloodies had saved the REVIEW, which we then turned into a company and sold at a shilling. Masfield's three subsequent poems appeared in its pages, and each poem was an event. Our enemies were silenced. We became an institution. We struck out here and there, and I think I may claim that all the talent of that day appeared in the REVIEW, in particular D. H. Lawrence, the picaresque stories of R. B. Cunninghame Graham, *Tono Bungay*, Arnold Bennett's *Paris Nights*, Conrad, George Moore, Norman Douglas, who for some years was sub-editor, Galsworthy, Frank Harris, W. H. Davies, and many, alas! who are now dead—poor Middleton, Flecker, Thomas, etc., etc.

We smashed not a few windows, and when the suffrage movement broke out we were among the first to espouse it. This endeared us to the women. We "discovered" poets and writers—Tennyson Jesse, Tomlinson, Gilbert Frankau, Stacey Aumonier, etc., etc.; we were alive, adult, and, I believe, of some real utility as a platform of new thought and yearnings at the close of the Victorian era, producing many fine stories, poems, and articles which otherwise would not have found publication or a public.

When the war came, the REVIEW again changed hands, Sir Alfred Mond dropping out. Our attitude during the war was patriotic. For years before 1914 I had written month after month, warning the public of the inevitable consequence of the armed groupings of Europe; but we heeded then as little as we apparently heed to-day the inevitable consequence of a peace which implies war. I stood for a peace of reason, and this, in 1918, was not popular. With the extraordinary demoralisation of peace, the joy of release, the rush for life again, a literary REVIEW inevitably suffered and the "new order" came in, with the somewhat queer values that we now see around us. The boom year, 1920, hit us hard. Men were not looking for poetry, or thought, or art, or reason, and policies that we held dear to heart, such as peace in Ireland and peace in Europe, found few enthusiasts. We fell from our high estate. No man wanted to think, for most men thought

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the war had made us all fabulously rich, and, for the rest, were not the Germans going to pay the whole costs?

And now once more the REVIEW enters upon a new phase. I retire. I am only a contributor again on foreign affairs, and am off to Germany to try to discover how much the Germans can pay; still more important, how the necessary transfer of value can be effected without harm to us.

Looking back, I rejoice in my long editorship. We stood for principles of policy, for quality, for art, and for a free platform, and in our pages all manner of men and women have written, from Tory to Socialist, free and untrammelled.

One of the first questions I submitted to the new proprietor was whether he was going to put the usual dreary picture of a girl showing her teeth on the cover, and his answer was an emphatic No. Thus, a real continuity of plan would seem assured. Once more we are to be a shilling, within the purchasing-power of all. I vacate the chair with hope.

I think the old "ENGLISH" justified its purpose, opening up avenues, discovering talent, honouring poetry, providing men with a platform which was not party or commercial. A REVIEW like that no doubt has only a span of life which necessarily yields to another according to the exigencies. The war has opened all windows, and the editorial glass-breaker no longer has a function. In that sense, our part is finished. Wholly new art groupings and energies have become necessary to its endurance in accordance with the group formation of the times. This is the age of mechanism. The women who whilom supported us have ceased from troubling the political world, and of the men too many of the weary are at rest. As Kant said on his deathbed: "It is enough."

The REVIEW goes on—that to me is sufficient—reinforced, revitalised. Its next phase will not be my responsibility. Those who welcome the change will, I hope, become subscribers. If there are any who regret, *Ave!* Let me recall to them the words of Emerson that "The true romance which the world exists to realise will be the transformation of genius into practical power," and that in this world Britons, as ever, must lead the way, as did our forefathers.

A Disciple

By Albert Kinross

I HAD come back again to London, to the humdrum round—office and club, club and office, the same people, the same tasks, the same dinner-parties with bridge to follow, the same golf on the same Sundays. Sometimes I caught myself chuckling over those stolen weeks: I was, at least, ahead on them. Yes, I had seen the Alps again, an odd fancy, and Paestum, and Girgenti. I had given myself up to fancies, to old longings, to the wistful things one dreams of, sighing "If!" There had come to me a small legacy, and I had spent it. One of my diversions had been to visit Weimar. That, again, was a long-nursed dream. Goethe repels you, or else he holds. Me he had always fascinated. I could never see the coldness in him, the polished egotism. Hard as a stone new from the lapidary, and as smooth, is one reading. But the man was different: one has but to take the Elegies, or else Eckermann. There was warmth behind the polish, there was a heart—volcanic! And so I had ended my pilgrimage at this great shrine, to me the greatest.

I lingered, and I found a fellow-worshipper. He might have been the cause of this delay. You may guess that one has a curiosity, and often a weakness, when one finds a passion shared, or the same complaint. Patients discuss their symptoms; so we discussed Goethe. He was Davidson's mania and mine. Yet here was a man, whole-souled and all-devoted, a veritable watcher by the tomb, while I—I had only taken a holiday, was only suffering a transient acuteness of the thing, and to-morrow would find me deaf to these enthusiasms. Not, perhaps, stone-deaf, but merely deaf. In London, at the office, at the club, who could afford to dabble in Goethe, openly? In stocks, in bonds, in shares, perhaps, but not in Goethe.

And now I was home again, going the same round, my dreams fulfilled. It made something else to think of; and often I caught glimpses of the little city dreaming on, full of old-fashioned people, of pilgrims coming and going as I had come, of sleepy tradespeople and informal hotels, with a grand-duke presiding over its destinies—Goethe's

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grand-duke's lineal heir. It was something to know I had seen the poet's tomb; it was something to know I had followed his daily way, crossing the park to his cottage by the Ilm, treading the rooms of his mansion in the town, stooping over manuscript and writing-table, almost as he had stooped. One stood so very close to him, to all the ardours of that crowded life!

First of all came the poet, and afterwards my mind would settle on Davidson, leechlike, drawing blood from him. He was the true worshipper, who had renounced all else for service: I merely the Sunday guest who passes an hour in prayer and then moves on. I sit here, pondering over him, piecing his story together, unravelling it. One moment he is tragic, another ludicrous—ivy clinging to the monument, parasitic or pitiful. He was so small, so white-faced, and so feeble: so passionate with that—the nature of a child!

We had met casually in the restaurant of an hotel. When I was done with the English paper, would I let him have it? he began; and after that we talked. I met his wife, their friends, I saw the city as it was—old-world and somnolent, with a society that moved ceremoniously through a life that was minuet. All went to slow music here: you took tea at a house, and it was an occasion; you paid a call and it was ritual. I remembered Heine's impatience with the life, in no way changed. Indeed, I felt it too; but then, I argued, it was their nature, their way, and may have been born with their fine pride and their penuriousness, for Weimar is a city of the proud and poor. Leave out its memories, its significance, and you are among a people that has not yielded, that will not budge. No one dares jostle them, or trouble them with the irreverent word; the wit and the parvenu are alike excluded from this tremulous hospitality. But what was Davidson, an Englishman, doing with them? I asked. And in the months that have gone by I have found an answer, whence I hardly know. From him, his wife, her family, from others that spoke of him, or from myself? One pieces things together, and one fails. One tries again and yet again. It may so happen that one arrives.

He was from a stubborn county, the son of a successful father, a man of business and self-made. Now such a

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man requires children like himself, who will continue the line and its prosperity. Davidson was earmarked for this purpose—the selling of ironmongery and its manufacture, its distribution over continents. As a boy he was sent abroad to pick up languages. Those were the days of happiness and ease. He learnt good German, ignoring its commercial aspects; he learnt Italian, and discovered Dante. But Goethe was his star; and Goethe breathes no word of ironmongery and the trade that it may make, the potent cities that it has built. The boy came home and was pronounced unfit. He quailed before the tasks demanded of him, the cold contemptuousness that accepted his failure, the tongues that first lashed and then ignored. He tried to explain that he had other ideas about himself. To his father, however, there could be but one idea. Outside successful trade was spread the wilderness. One pities the old man, defeated by such a son. He thanked Providence that he had begotten others. Then came a day when Davidson took his life in his hands and went to London.

He had fled, he had burnt his boats, and even sunk his name. So Goethe would have done, he had persuaded himself. He came out of that experience untainted by the deeps of it; for, see, he had no vice. He was in the gutter—very much in the gutter—when he met Riviere, who befriended him. The two men had come together at a public auction. First editions were being sold and autograph manuscripts, the treasures of a great collection. A remark of Riviere's was corrected by Davidson. The fellowship of such a place made light of their circumstances. They fought, they argued, and Davidson won. Naturally, for it was his subject—Goethe. Riviere possessed that microbe, too—was under the same spell, but with a difference. He could afford it; Davidson could not. That link held them bound for an hour; then it was time for luncheon. Riviere was one of those romantics who follow their impulses, if need be to the bitter end. There was not much bitterness involved in asking so shabby a guest as Davidson to take luncheon, yet the act was on a level with Riviere's last impulse of all. You may remember his end? It was in a duel that seemed incredible to us at home, who have

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abandoned such ordeals, that summary method of testifying to our sincerity. He knew the risk he ran, and ventured. In something the same spirit he must have picked up Davidson and stood the tattered creature upon well-shod feet. I would love to furnish a description of that scene: Riviere building up Davidson from the very socks, providing him with linen, giving him food and shelter, money in his brand-new trouser-pockets, and enjoying every thrill of it. Nor was it the passing impulse of a frivolous rich man. The bond lasted. Davidson was free to describe himself as "secretary," as "librarian," the which he did proudly for seven faithful years. I think Riviere, with all his wildness, must have come to a very real tenderness for the little man, something unusual and even tinged with the heroic. There had been no asking on Davidson's part, no trickery, he had refused almost as much as he had accepted. "I didn't want to impose upon him," was how he formulated it.

They held together till the end came—till an old, unhealed passion of Riviere's broke out again. But the girl was married now: that made the difference. She was an Austrian, and her husband had the last word in it—a pistol bullet that shattered Riviere's chest, leaving Davidson alone to bear the tragedy. He buried his patron and stood broken-hearted, facing an empty world, his breast shattered, too. The people of those parts had pitied him.

Riviere's death, when he looked round again, had given him his freedom. In that disordered life there had been sanity as well as folly. Davidson was left with a sufficient sum to meet all future needs. It was securely invested, but he could not touch the capital, or mortgage this income in advance. A child might have despoiled him, and Riviere knew that and had provided against it.

When the old landmarks go, a man is driven in upon himself, and from his own resources he must create the morrow. So, in this hour of need, Davidson turned to Weimar. An instinct led him there, or a passion unassuaged: it was the one thing clear that had survived the shock, the one thing stable that had endured; and all these years he had wanted to go, had planned to go, and had come no further. He went without object, without purpose, perhaps somewhat like a wounded animal. With

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Lewes's *Life* in his hand and Düntzer in his trunk, he made the journey.

He knew no one in the place, was without introductions; he knew his Goethe and that was all. There are, of course, openings for such a man—societies, institutions—but so far he had not come to these and was most mystically alone. He haunted the shrines, he walked the woods. The fine spring weather took hold of him; he talked sometimes to children and very much to himself, unaware that he was observed, that Weimar, like all small places, was making its own legend of him.

Those first months had a filminess, superterrestrial; the common world was lost in them, or only recovered with a start. But he was mending. The peace, the tranquil freshness of these new surroundings, were giving him vigour, and he had leisure now, and calmness and abundant ease. Riviere's urgent career had mostly lent him none of them; he recognised the fever in that life, so early closed, whose law had been his law, whose unrest his, whose triumphs and whose terminations. Now he took Goethe's motto, "Without haste, but without rest." He browsed upon the masterpieces and lived within the magic circle of their light. Perhaps it is too fine an atmosphere. He had built a library of his own around him, and that and the solitudes outside were now his world.

Thus mystically engrossed, he became aware of a face. It grew from big blue eyes that had surprised him; it achieved completion. A nose was added, lips, and chin, and brow. That perfect image entered in his dreams. There was a woman in this city fit for kings. A glimpse of her would fill him for a day, set his heart beating to a tune, his fancy roaming. Humble, he always saw her from afar; he placed her upon thrones and knelt to her; she might not know of him—never, oh, never, would she know of him—but he dared venture a brief glance at her. He had become an inmate of the age of chivalry. Goethe, his books, his exercise, were all enlivened by this undertone.

One evening, in a café where a band played, she arrived with her father and mother and they bore down upon him. He had a table to himself, yet there was room for others, and the gentleman of the party had perceived this. The custom of that country is to bow and ask per-

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mission. Davidson's heart was beating above these compliments, yea, above the orchestra. He removed his hat and cane from a chair and apologised. There was nothing to apologise for; it was natural, they said. During an interval the gentleman spoke to him again. Ordinary politeness mingled with curiosity as they conversed. The ladies listened attentively. They were interested. Something they all seemed to know about him; for Weimar had made its legend, the stranger had been discovered. . . . He had heard her voice at last, and to-night he had seen her, not from afar, but disturbingly at hand. On leaving she had bowed to him, a personal inclination. Perhaps, when they met outdoors she might bow again.

This was the beginning. The acquaintance ripened. Within a week he and the Baron had exchanged cards over a table at the Jungbrunnen; a few days more, and he had been presented formally at a public place; and next he received an invitation to the von Bistrams' home. That was not the name; the quality is unchanged, the rest forgotten. Sometimes one wants to forget, and here is an instance. . . . It had all come about suddenly, the unheard of, the undreamt, without a word of foreknowledge or preparation.

There was no one to warn him. He knew nothing of these people. Perhaps he might have guessed that they were poor and desperately placed; but a man in love is generous. The whole world swims in sunshine, in an optimism. For them he had nothing but gratitude; and if they had mentioned their debts and the pressure that had to be outfaced, often brazenly—well, it is not the way of such people to mention these things. Their game was, rather, to the contrary.

I do not think that they had set out deliberately to trap him; but the project, once realised, must have been inevitable. He simply asked for it. It was plain that the girl had produced an impression; it was plain that the little fellow had money; it was just as plain that one could be had for the other, and more than that.

In such a predicament it is cruel to speak of love; yet what other word can one apply? He had come to them with a freshness, almost a virginity; there had been nothing in his life like this before. Neither at home in England,

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nor during the abject years from which Riviere had taken him, nor later, when he was driven and preoccupied. His youth seemed to be claiming dues, long owing, like the von Bistrams' debts.

I have seen a portrait of this girl; she still stands framed upon his writing-table, within reach of eye and hand. No casual glance would spell from it her malady. She has the fineness of a stock outworn, a little too much fineness; but the indwelling rare spirit of her is unmistakable, the sweetness, too. Beauty shadowed by a cloud might part describe her; and, looking deeply in that face, one sees a mirrored fear. Life presses on such people; they lack the strength to cope with it or with themselves. Small wonder that a brain thus overborne had proved uncertain.

Davidson saw the threadbare lodging in which she lived. He was given the free run of it, and met such friends as had stayed loyal to the Bistrams in their later phase: a battered comrade of the Baron's old regiment, flyblown gentlemen, revolving memories of wine and play and little women. They came sometimes with their ladies. Would any of these tell him that Minna had twice been put away, shut up till the darkened mind recovered? That he was to be "landed," to be victimised? Rather they would dwell on this new source of credit. He seemed doomed to wed into a family that would prey upon him; he seemed doomed to spend the rest of his life on the abyss, gazing down into horrors.

His courtship prospered: the thing came naturally, like evening and the first white star. One moment it was day; the next they had crossed over into a solemnity. The girl, at least, was not in the conspiracy. Sex is conspirator enough, the arch-plotter, dramaturge.

She must have had her hours of fear, urgings to confession, falterings, questionings, never put plainly, never quite faced. She would not name the day; she had accepted him, but she prolonged the wooing. Often she struggled, arguing against herself: he should marry somebody stronger, richer, with more health. She had persuaded and weakened; she had fled from him and come back to him; she had postponed and been whimsical; she had fought and she had yielded, the enemy always herself.

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He witnessed these struggles and was sure that he could heal them. They shot with pain the perfect days when she closed her eyes, was all his own, sorceress and queen of him.

I have spoken of friends, the loyal few. There is one who is outstanding. Linda von Essen was not too young a woman; old enough, indeed, to live in an apartment of her own with a maid. She was an orphan, she was independent, rich for Weimar. This may explain why she was free to step in where others held aloof. Here was an intimacy dating from Minna's childhood. She knew everything, which may account for her forgiveness of her friend, and even her admiration of the victim. She had always dreamt of such a lover—of one, nobly blind, artless and selfless, touched with this divine simplicity. Her favourite heroes had that quality. Now she encountered it, and stood her ground. She would be heroic, too. But she might watch over him; the day might come when he would need her watching. For Davidson this woman had a different interest, and yet almost as strong a one—more powerful, maybe, in its impersonality. Her face—it is Goethe's face tuned to the feminine—the same luminous eyes, the same serenity of brow. The poet had been a visitor at her great-grandfather's house, and it is an open secret in Weimar that the blood of the von Essens is the blood of Goethe. Davidson had seen the likeness without being told. Frau von Embs, who is Linda's sister and even more like Goethe, denies it; but Linda is proud of the distinction. And that, in a small and rather Puritan town like Weimar, requires courage.

The wedding-day was fixed. Davidson had bought new clothes, and the honeymoon was to be spent in the Bavarian Highlands. The wedding-day arrived. At nine o'clock that morning Minna von Bistram had her third and last seizure. She ascended to the roof of the house in which her parents had a small apartment. Escaping notice, she had gone up there alone. When they found her on the stones below, she was broken beyond recovery, but still conscious. . . . Davidson heard of it at his barber's. The man, a newcomer in Weimar, entertained him with the story. Minna recognised him before she died.

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"Oh, I am happy," she said; "before now I have always been unhappy." He did not understand that; but then he does not understand the second part of *Faust* and yet he knows it line by line and word for word. It did not much matter what she said as long as it was she who said it. For many a month afterwards the little man went lifeless, broken, too, upon the stones of a far-off yard below. As with Riviere's end, he shared this other and more poignant one. It seemed his destiny to fix his heart on the inane.

Now it was Linda's turn to prove her worth. I have seen them in their home, that quiet woman following him with the eyes that are so like Goethe's, one with him in all his enterprises, his commentaries and speculations. I know little more of them. He must have come to her and she been waiting for him. He must have come to her like a tired child, finding in her immense sanity, her perfect health, her superb tolerance, the peace which one may find in Nature. In the end he married her; it is she who is now his wife. And as to the Bistrams? His simplicity, his honesty, had won even them; and to-day the Baroness—the Baron is dead—to-day the Baroness regards him as a son. I saw the grave where Minna lies buried. I went with him one day when he put flowers upon it. . .

And now, I am back again, in London, while Davidson stays on, fixed there, anchored. You may meet him in the Museum, at the Archives, or in the garden-house, or strolling in the park. One has one's fancies of such a man and of the power of his devotion. Sometimes I follow his life and see the master laying hands on it at every turn; and the writing of it down has only made me see more plainly. They tell such stories of the saints: why not of the heroes—I echo the Carlylean term—why not of Goethe? For it was he who used Riviere to bring Davidson out of the gutter and give him an independence; and after the first stroke it was to Weimar that Davidson turned and was mended; and when he was about to part with what he had gained, he was saved from that; and, at the end, what Goethe could not heal with the spirit he healed with his own flesh and blood. There are people who allow so much to obscure saints; then why not to the genius of a nation, its supreme instance, even though he lived within our day?

Watching the Crowd

By Madeleine Lucette Ryley

HITHER and thither, thronging the street,
Whence are you bound, all you hurrying feet?
Bearing your forms, both the frail and the strong,
Eager and hasty you scurry along . . .
Anxious expectancy marked on each face,
Lending an impetus quickening the pace.
The spirit of contest grows ever more warm,
For each would be first in the curious swarm.
So it's scramble and struggle, bustle and race,
Jostle your neighbour and step in his place,
With only a thought for the hue and the cry
And never a moment to glance at the Sky.
And what are your aims, all this zeal to excite?
Are they matters of moment, quite worthy the fight?
And what is your goal, you strenuous file,
And when you arrive, will you think it worth while?
If the whole of this Energy garnered might be
And applied to some one mighty purpose, then we
Might learn—to our weal—while dwelling below,
The secrets which only the Gods can bestow.

A Peep into the Millennium

WE all feel at times that we should like to lift the curtain that veils the days to come, and to peer into the dim and distant future. We ought, therefore, to be deeply grateful to Dr. J. Walter Carr for his picture of a fulfilment of the bright dreams of medical science, and the glorious result. He conferred this great benefit upon us in his oration to the London Medical Society on the 14th ult., reported in the *Daily Mail*. He said:—

We should all be examined and our family history investigated before we were allowed to marry. The first expected child would have to be notified, the prospective mother's health taken charge of by the nearest ante-natal clinic, the birth superintended at the Municipal Maternity Hospital, after which the Infant Clinic or Welfare Centre would see that the child was properly fed.

From the clinic the child would pass into the hands of the School Medical Officer, who would take care that its appendix, tonsils, and other useless organs were removed, after which it would be passed on to the Panel Practitioner.

It might then be found necessary to remove other organs, and, of course, there would be inoculation for everything.

Teeth, as the source of septic conditions, would probably be drawn at an early stage.

Finally, when the working years of life are past, men and women will be transferred to the care of a Special Medical Department of the State dealing with old people, where, with adequate pensions and amid comfortable and tranquil surroundings, they will await a peaceful ending to life from painless senile decay.

Now what one is led to suggest by this illuminating doctor's dream is that his method of revealing the future might be carried much further, and that we might gain thus quite a considerable insight into the nature of those happy times in which our descendants will live. Dr. Carr's only fault is that he does not go far enough. There are others possessed of ideas besides himself, and they are nearly all based on State regulation of our lives. All we have to do, then, is to conceive that these beautiful visions have been translated into actual fact, and at once we shall know what the world will be like, say, in a hundred years' time.

Imagine, for instance, a really properly State-controlled youth writing a marriage proposal to the lady of his love:—

A PEEP INTO THE MILLENNIUM

"Without Prejudice."

June 1st, 2023.

Dear Miss Future,

I enclose a medical certificate. Should your own be in equal order, I would suggest, without prejudice (see above) to any withdrawal of this proposal which subsequent medical or official authority may render advisable, that we should proceed to-morrow, or at such other time as you may appoint, before the medical tribunal sitting at Charing Cross, and make the necessary formal application for leave to enter into the legal state of matrimony. Should you have any teeth which, from any unfortunate cause, were not drawn out during your childhood, I must make it a condition that you have them extracted at once. (My own were all removed ten years previously.) I entertain not the slightest doubt that your appendix and tonsils have been already eliminated.

In the full expectation of a satisfactory medical report,

I am (without prejudice), Yours conditionally,

CAREFUL CUTHBERT.

But why stop at such minor matters as Dr. Carr mentions? Why should not the State lead us all by the hand, and see that all our lives are properly conducted and secured? Take diet, for instance. Why on earth does not the State supervise that? An authorised official will, a century hence, of course be present at every meal to prescribe the nature of the food for each individual and, above all, to limit the amount taken, so as to prevent any tendency to excess either in eating, or in drinking the "fair cold water" provided. (The use of alcohol, tea, coffee, or tobacco will naturally then have been long forbidden under penalty of death.) The only difficulty will be that the number of State officials may, perhaps, hardly go round.

Thus Mr. Smith, coming down in the morning, may find his breakfast ready indeed, and his wife and children waiting, but no State official. What is to be done? To begin without him would mean forty shillings or a month. It will be an awkward situation, and it is even to be feared that tempers might suffer, unless they have very much improved in the interim. But perhaps then there will be no such thing as temper left in the State-trained human race. Everyone will have probably attained by that time the beautiful docility of Mary's little lamb. Anyhow, there might still be a way out from the suggested dilemma. Make everybody a State official! Then every citizen could supervise himself.

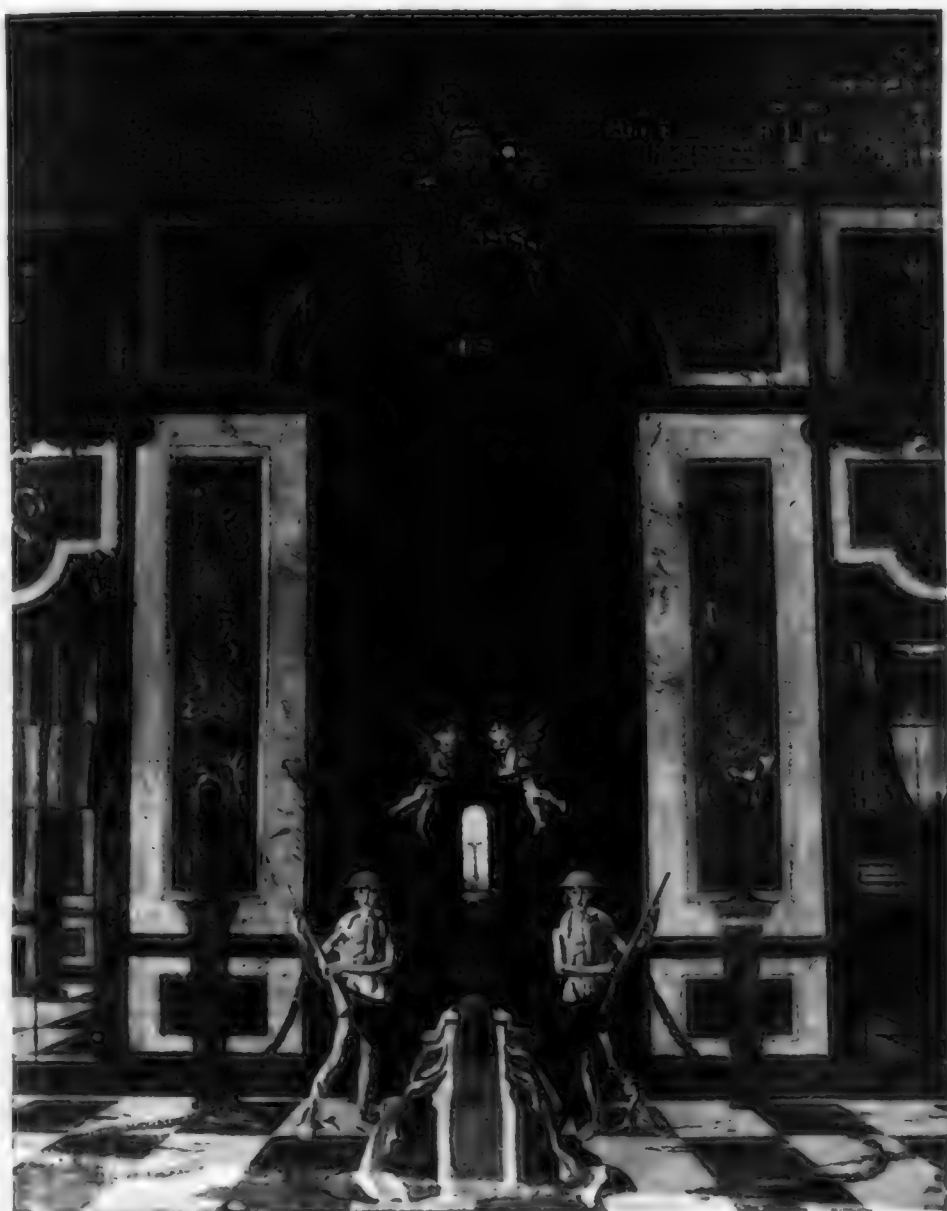
To the Unknown British Soldier in France

By Sir William Orpen, R.A.

I CANNOT understand all the controversy and discussion that this picture has aroused. As far as I am concerned, my work tells its own tale, and I fail to see why any further explanation should be required. To discuss my work in public is distasteful to me, and it is only with the greatest reluctance that I have undertaken to write these brief notes, with the view of attempting once and for all to settle the question. My soldier friends understand me perfectly well, and when they see my name in the newspapers, appended to a string of words, after I have already expressed myself to them adequately in a picture, they will wonder what extraordinary change has come over me.

Having set out to paint the greatest figures of the War, and having accomplished the greater part of my task, the thought suddenly flashed upon my mind that unless I included the common British soldier, the greatest figure of all would be missing from my picture. When once, however, I put him in, there was not room for anyone else. And so there I left him, in the setting which to my mind is the richest and most glorious in all France. He is guarded by two of his dead comrades; above the trio, two little angels hold the wreath of victory, and in the distance the supreme sacrifice is shown in the "Salle de la Guerre."

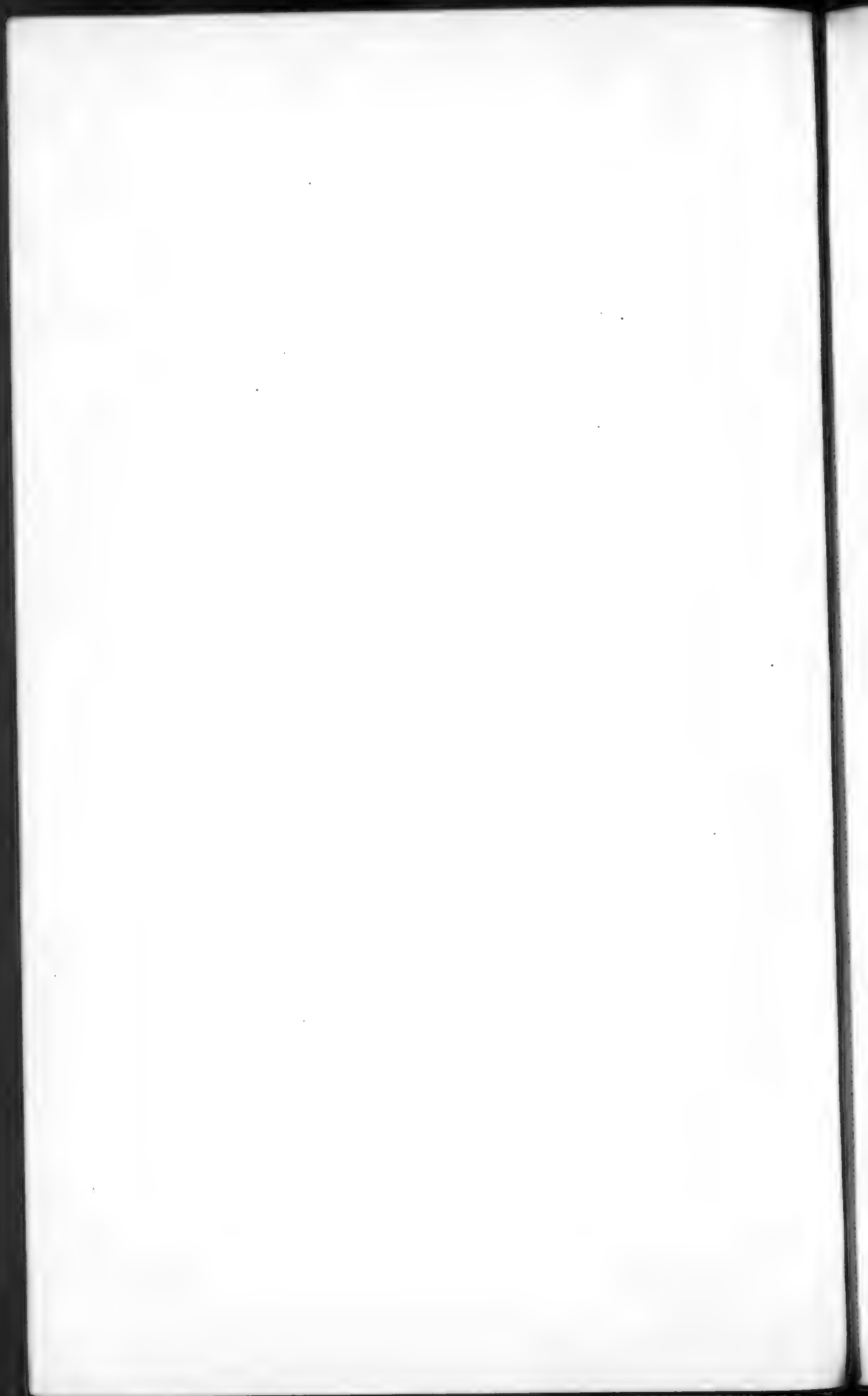
The picture is thus in memory of the Unknown British Soldier in France. How many unknown? And in how many cemeteries? But like the wonderful architects of old, their identity will never be revealed, though their anonymous work will always testify to the glory of their lives.



To the Unknown British Soldier
in France.
By Sir William Orpen, R.A.

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[To face p. 523.]



More Child's Guide to Knowledge

PRESENCE OF MIND

By Laurence Housman

"PRESENCE of mind," said Aunt Annette,
"Though talked about, is seldom met.
So let my little John and Jane
Both listen; and I will explain.

"In life, 'twill often be your lot
To hear things you would rather not;
Then, to appear quite unaware,
Is what the French call '*savoir faire*.'

"Also, if you should chance to meet
With rude behaviour in the street,
Unruffled calm you must display,
And simply look the other way.

"But these nice rules of etiquette
Must go, when danger's to be met;
Then to your duty you must rise,
And meet the facts with fearless eyes.

"Each problem, as it comes along,
Provides a right way or a wrong.
Presence of mind will meet the test,
And teach you how to do your best."

While thus, to little Jane and John,
Her flow of words went trickling on,
John sat, as any good boy ought,
Deeply immersed in solemn thought.

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Jane, listening to Aunt Annette,
Was conscious of a keen regret
That chances she would seldom find
To prove the presence of her mind.

But life, though full of little cares,
Often brings blessings unawares;
And Jane, being good and well-behaved,
Was given the chance for which she craved.

For that night, as her prayers she said,
Protruding from beneath the bed,
She saw a sight which froze her blood—
Two hob-nailed boots, besmeared with mud.

Unable from her knees to rise,
She gazed at them with trembling eyes;
Till—looking further up the floor—
She found that there was nothing more!

Espying one of Johnnie's tricks,
Joy in her blood began to mix:
The chance had come; 'twas not too late
Presence of mind to demonstrate!

While Johnnie, in his bed hard by,
Lay sniggering with a watchful eye,
At duty's summons Jane arose,
And met the facts with fearless pose.

Into her bed she gives a spring;
Then makes the nursery welkin ring
With screams; till, joyously, she hears
Auntie come pounding up the stairs.

Though out of breath, stern and serene,
The arriving Aunt surveys the scene,
And questions through the open door,
"Pray what is all this squealing for?"

MORE CHILD'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE

John in the pillow hides his face;
The upright Jane explains her case:
"Oh, Auntie, take care how you tread!
There's burglars underneath the bed!"

With shattering shriek, poor Auntie's mind
Grew absent, and all sense resigned:
Across the floor she spurned the mat
From backward heels, and fainted flat.

The situation thus her own,
Jane now assumed a different tone;
And out of her own bed she went,
And smacked John to her heart's content.

When Aunt Annette resumed her wits,
Still hovering on the verge of fits,—
Plucking the facts up by the roots,
Jane said, "They've gone, and left their boots!"

* * * * *

Though Aunt Annette perhaps might fail
To grasp the moral of this tale,
Let gentle readers, from behind,
Admire the presence of Jane's mind.

The double problem—what to do,—
She took in hand, and saw it through;
And doing for Johnnie what was best,
Provided Auntie with a test.

Bernard Shaw as a Thinker

(i) The Mould of Civilization

By Henry Arthur Jones

A PRACTISED naturalist, upon being shown the bone of an extinct animal, is able to reconstruct its general anatomy from the fragment. I will take one sentence in a recent article published by Mr. Shaw, and from it I will try to reconstruct his entire body of political doctrine. Especially I will inquire into his ability to deal with the problem of Capitalism and Socialism.

Mr. Shaw quotes, that I "exhort Wells to observe those great unchanging rules of communal and national well-being, eternally fixed, and as old as the world itself, whereby through all time past nations have established themselves in peace and prosperity and happiness." Upon that Mr. Shaw comments: "*As if our whole trouble were not that neither in Wells' Outline of History, nor in any other human record, can we find a single civilised nation or empire in which more than one-tenth of the population could feel sure of their daily bread from one year to another, or whose history is not that of a rapid rise to plutocratic pseudo-prosperity, followed by a Gibbonian decline and fall through the buffleheadness of those citizens who, having leisure and education enough for social criticism, remained the same dear old Henry Arthur Jugginses, and let themselves be persuaded that capitalist laws lead straight to an Earthly Paradise, and that communal ones must land them in a 'filthy bog of misery, disease, starvation, and despair.'*"

Let us take this sentence and dissect it, limb by limb.

Certain conditions of human existence, Mr. Shaw says, have been repeated through all the ages, in every one of the countless and widely varying civilisations that have flourished on this planet. Is not that a good reason for expecting that they will be repeated in any civilisation that may be evolved during the next few generations, seeing that, whatever civilisation may follow the present

BERNARD SHAW AS A THINKER

one, it must be an offshoot from it, and must be the sum of the activities of men and women, who, being the children of the present inhabitants of the earth, will be born with the same instincts, emotions, passions, and propensities as their immediate progenitors? What reason have we for thinking that these undesirable conditions will be suddenly eliminated from civilisation? May we not suspect, that as these conditions have been the inseparable accompaniment of human existence in every past civilisation, they are indeed an essential part of the framework in which Nature moulds all civilisation? We shall be confirmed in this opinion when we come to examine the cause which Mr. Shaw assigns for the continuance of these undesirable conditions.

Here we may notice that Mr. Shaw does not seem to have the conception that all civilisation and all history are one inevitably correlated whole, the present always being the necessary derivative of the past, even through the wildest disruptions and convulsions of human society. He seems to look upon civilisation as a ruffianly scoundrel, whom, to cure of his dishonest tricks, we must put to death to-day, and bring to life to-morrow in the form of a happy, innocent, perfect new-born babe. Undoubtedly, climatic conditions have greatly changed since the Glacial Epoch, but only very slowly, and in strict sequence. But what Mr. Shaw implies in this sentence is something even more impossible than an impossible sudden change from a glacial to a temperate epoch. He is demanding the suppression of the season of winter and of disagreeable weather.

Mr. Shaw summarises the history of every past civilisation as "a rapid rise to a plutocratic pseudo-prosperity followed by a Gibbonian decline and fall." Leaving the word "pseudo-prosperity" for further examination, we may again ask, if that is a correct summary of the history of every one of the countless diverse past civilisations through countless ages, is it not probable in the highest degree that it will also be a correct summary of the history of any approaching civilisation, and this in spite of Mr. Shaw's notion that it is now advisable that Nature should throw away her mould, and work upon an entirely new plan, or that she should step aside and let Mr. Shaw make

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up our next civilisation, as children make up fairy tales, out of his own head? The strange things that get into our heads! What new tremendous factor does Mr. Shaw imagine is about to be suddenly introduced into Nature's vast frame and web of things?

Let us examine and enlarge Mr. Shaw's formula and put it into somewhat different words. Let us say that, looking back on all past civilisations, we find that though they have greatly varied, both in their aspects and compositions, in their outer manifestations and their inner workings, yet every one of them has been organised and developed upon the same simple plan, namely this, that certain tribes or bodies of men, having more or less racial affinities and more or less common interests, have by means of warfare with other tribes been consolidated into a nation; that, being at first in circumstances of scattered poverty and disorder, they have, by means of the security and cohesion they have gained by the subjugation of neighbouring tribes, been enabled to progress in the arts of peace and the accumulation of wealth; that this wealth has always been largely in the hands of a comparatively few individuals, who have become its possessors by their superior ability, hard work, and self-denial, and also many of them by inheritance, by dishonesty, and by sheer luck; that by reason of this accumulation of wealth and by maintaining a system of adequate self-defence, and also at times by unlawful aggression and spoliation of their neighbours, the nation has grown more rich and powerful, more highly organised and more complex; that after a certain number of generations, by reason of the moral corruption that generally attends the possession of great wealth; or by failing to maintain an adequate system of self-defence, that is by a decay of the instinct of national self-preservation which is called Patriotism; or by a lack of national energy to compete with younger, more ambitious, and more progressive nations; or by that natural process of dissolution which puts a period to all organisms, animal, human, social, and national—by one or by some of these reasons, all these past various civilisations have perished. From their remains Nature has moulded new civilisations with the same obnoxious features and conditions that Mr. Shaw deplores.

BERNARD SHAW AS A THINKER

That is an enlarged and more truthful description of the process which Mr. Shaw carelessly describes as "a rapid rise to a plutocratic pseudo-prosperity, followed by a Gibbonian decline and fall." Seeing that this process, as Mr. Shaw claims, has been exemplified in every past civilisation, it seems to be Nature's general plan for moulding any civilisation. As Nature also roughly repeats this plan in the life of every individual animal, every species, every human institution, every social organism, every nation, we shall be still further justified in taking it for the model that she works by, unless we can find some instance in which she has departed from it.

Americans tumbled into the lucky possession of an unclaimed continent, of which no more are available. But American civilisation, although it is young, raw, and undeveloped, has so far conformed to this plan. To consolidate herself into a nation, America had to exterminate the Indians, to defeat England, and to subdue her revolting Southerners. On her forward path lies a distant shadow of world conflict. It may be dissolved. It is just conceivable that future warfare may creep into the form of a less bloody but more ignoble struggle for commercial supremacy—which, however, in the past has always ended in military conflict, the more dreadful the longer it has been delayed.

What good reason can we give ourselves for supposing that Nature is about to work upon a new model for moulding human civilisation in any period of time about which we need to trouble ourselves? There are on the earth some fifty distinct nations and tribes, all of them more or less stably organised and self-contained; all of them with more or less strongly opposing interests, aims, and ambitions; all of them with varying religions, codes of morals, ingrained habits and customs, civil institutions. What good reason can we give ourselves for supposing that all of them can suddenly and simultaneously change their diverse natures and circumstances into an amiable universal conformity, so that Mr. Shaw may be able to impose upon them a form of civilisation of his own devising, wholly reverse from the one into which Nature has moulded them, and so that Mr. Wells' vasty vague theories of uncompetitive Internationalism may have some validity outside the

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columns of the newspapers? It is a dream. For many generations to come, the groupings and destinies of the peoples will be compelled and governed and moulded, not by amiable theories and pious resolutions, but by that permanent, universal, irresistible instinct of national preservation which is called Patriotism. Granted it is often mischievous, dangerous, and provocative of war. But it is a perpetually upspringing force, the vital informing principle of a nation's life. Like the sexual instinct, and equally ineradicable, it often scars and wrecks humanity in its foolish and blind excess. But Patriotism is an instinct, not a political opinion, to be voted for or against. It cannot be abolished by political machinery. Half our nation to-day is voting for the abolition of Patriotism, in the same way that it voted that there should be no war with Germany. The folly of having opinions!

If we search underneath the present condition of Europe, underneath all conferences and negotiations for peace, we shall see that it is the driving wheels of Patriotism which are really moving all the nations in their intercourse with each other. Pacifism and Internationalism, as I have amply shown elsewhere,* are merely perverted and diseased forms of the universal instinct of Patriotism. Stable national Governments, that is Governments strongly supported by the Patriotism of their respective peoples, are the only instruments by which International goodwill and brotherly relations can be secured. The undesirable conditions of existence which Mr. Shaw laments will not be removed or alleviated by Internationalism. Wherever and so far as it has been put into practice, Internationalism has terribly reduced the number of those who can be assured of their daily bread for more than a year. Again and again, for it is the key of the whole world question, Patriotism is a universal instinct. It cannot be abolished.

* See *Patriotism and Popular Education* and *My Dear Wells*.

(To be continued.)

Shall British Agriculture Perish?

By the Right Hon. Geo. H. Roberts

A COUNTRY that neglects its agriculture will assuredly decay. Unless Great Britain adopts a policy of reviving land cultivation and making agriculture prosperous, some historian may commence writing an account of its decline and fall. Dependence on oversea supplies was the Achilles' heel of the nation in the Great War. When the late enemy's submarines were sinking our shipping and threatening our people with privation; when the difficulty of securing food was so acute that we were compelled to submit to the exactions of foreign suppliers and speculators; when the cost of living weighed with undue severity on our people, then all interested in agriculture believed the lesson of Britain's folly was so well learned that the promise of politicians that "never again" would the production of home-grown food be neglected could be accepted as representing the settled policy of the nation in respect to agriculture. The passing of the Corn Production Act, 1917, was regarded as implementing this promise, and for the first time for many years a spirit of confidence pervaded the agricultural industry.

This confidence was short-lived, as the Corn Production (Repeal) Act, 1920, repealed the main provisions of the 1917 Act. Again, the agricultural industry was filled with dismay and despair. Farmers and labourers alike were overwhelmed with a sense of grievance and resentment. Encouraged by the belief that the State intended to foster agriculture, farmers had bought land at high prices, and the labourers had nursed the hope of permanent uplift from the wretchedly low standards of pre-war times. Governmental vacillation wrought immediate disaster to the country-side, especially as the repeal of the Act of 1917 was followed by an unprecedented and sudden fall in the prices of land produce. Wheat which was realising 89s. 3d. per quarter in June, 1921, had declined

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to 45s. 8d. by December, while barley fell from 73s. 1d. per quarter in January to 46s. 2d. in December of that year. Fat cattle slumped from 106s. 8d. per cwt. to 62s. 5d. in the same period. An equally severe fall in the price of sheep, pigs, and other farm produce also occurred. Such a remarkable fall in cash values soon had its effect on agricultural wages. At the beginning of 1921 the wages of ordinary labourers made under the Order of the Agricultural Wages Board, 1920, were 46s. per week of 48 hours in winter and 50 hours in summer, with higher rates up to 50s. 6d. in certain counties. When at the beginning of October, 1921, the Agricultural Wages Board was abolished, and it was left to Conciliation Committees composed of representative employers and employed to settle rates, wages were already falling. Since then a marked tendency downwards has ensued, until so low a rate as 25s. prevails in some districts. Whether so steep a drop is absolutely justified may be a matter of doubt, yet all parties agree that reductions were rendered unavoidable by the slump in prices. Little wonder, too, that the agricultural community is specially aggrieved because a corresponding decline in prices has not taken place in the materials used or in articles of general consumption. Although the extraordinary break in values was partially attributable to world conditions beyond the control of the Government, nevertheless it was precipitated and steepened by the disturbance caused through a complete reversal of policy within a brief period, which constituted a great betrayal of a national trust.

How disastrous was the action of Parliament is seen in the fact that land previously under arable cultivation has been and is being put down to grass, thereby aggravating unemployment in rural parts. During the last three years over a million acres have been converted from arable to pasture, so that at the end of 1922 the increase in the acreage of arable land as compared with 1914 was only 312,000 acres, or about 3 per cent., and signs point to diminution below the pre-war figures.

It is deplorable that the lessons of the war are already forgotten, and agriculture, which should be regarded as the nation's basic industry, is to be allowed to decline farther. This while the need of an increased volume of

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home-grown food becomes more and more imperative. When Mr. Asquith in August, 1916, set up an Agricultural Sub-committee of the Reconstruction Committee this seemed to be recognised. Its terms of reference were: "Having regard to the need of an increased home growth of food supplies in the interest of national security, to consider and report on the methods of effecting such increase." The writer of this article was a member of that Sub-committee and testifies to the fact that its reference was construed as an instruction to formulate a permanent policy, which the report proves to have been done. Moreover, Mr. Asquith and his successors declared repeatedly that British agriculture must never again be permitted to languish. This because extreme dependence on overseas supplies imperilled national security, and in the event of war exposes our people to the risk of shortage and high prices, and even semi-starvation. Other and equally weighty reasons can be adduced. Every other nation is animated by the knowledge that strength and security are promoted by becoming as self-contained as can be. Thus each aims at producing the largest possible amount of food requirements within its own borders. For generations a world tendency, it is now the fixed aim of nations. Whether it be the Dominions of the British Empire or foreign countries, all foster the production of food, and then proceed to do likewise with manufactured articles. America and Germany constitute foremost examples of this, while recent developments in Australia and South Africa have special significance for our own country. These two Dominions, having established agriculture on a firm basis, are rapidly developing a manufacturing system also. Textile, boot and shoe, and other machinery has been acquired from British makers, and expert supervisors and skilled labour have been attracted from these shores. This demand, while it lasts, gives employment to British engineers and others referred to, but it also diminishes the possibilities of employment for our textile, boot and shoe workers, etc. To give infant industries a real chance, they are surrounded by tariff walls, thereby giving a secure home market. In due time production exceeds native consumption and surpluses are made available for world markets. Thus international

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competition must get keener, the possibilities of foreign trade for this country be more restricted and specialised, and employment for artisans and labourers more precarious. Therefore, without the opening up of new avenues of employment Great Britain cannot continue to support a population of its present dimensions.

Some fiscal purists talk as if an unlimited demand for British goods exists. These live in the past, ruminating among facts and circumstances of a bygone period. A century ago our pre-eminence in manufacturing seemed almost unassailable. Even at the passing of the Corn Laws in 1846 our forefathers could act with the certainty that food would come here in exchange for manufactured goods. Cheap wheat from the virgin soils of the American continent enhanced our facility for manufacturing. By cheapening the cost of living, wages could be kept at a low standard. Labour costs in textile and other goods were correspondingly low, enabling prices to be quoted which commanded ready sales. Trade and commerce grew and wealth accumulated, though it was inequitably distributed. So prosperous was the country that few questioned the policy of concentrating on manufacturing and regarding agriculture as of minor importance.

Great Britain was then really protected by the absence of serious competition. America was only being peopled and European countries were only emerging from a state of feudalism. Being the pioneer of and strongly established in industrialism, what competitors should she fear? Regularly employed and able to buy food cheaply and plentifully, the masses were acquiescent and fairly content. Town conditions were more attractive than rural conditions, and there began the drift to urban areas, with the resultant of congestion, deteriorated health and physique, and a number of social ills. Those whose vision was limited could claim that the national policy was amply justified, for supplies of food came from all parts of the earth, which were paid for by exports of manufactures. But it does not necessarily follow that a policy which suited the nineteenth century is appropriate to the altered conditions of the present. Have not we been navigating a vicious circle, and are we not nearing the time when it will be impossible to sell in foreign markets

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the quantity of goods necessary to keep a population of 42 millions in regular employment at good wages and to obtain the food required to sustain them? The writer believes this eventuality looms before the nation, and that unless numbers of workers can be diverted to land cultivation and the production of home-grown food, the only alternative is emigration on a grand scale and national decline.

Ability to sell British goods is determined by price and quality. That is to say, we must create cheaper and better than our competitors. To accomplish this industry must be skilfully organised and everyone engaged in it be efficient and willing to co-operate in giving economical output. The fallacy that unemployment can be remedied by going easy and spreading out work must be uprooted. Thereby labour costs in an article are inflated, prices made restrictive, consumption diminishes, and employment is lessened. These facts are incontestable and apply whatever the political or economic system. Let those who design to substitute a Socialist for the Capitalistic State ponder over them. To pull down the whole structure of society in the hope that from its ruins will spring up a state of ease and leisure is to court disaster, disillusionment, and despair. Even with the highest efficiency and most strenuous endeavour, foreign trade will become increasingly difficult, and the nation must be made more self-supporting in the matter of foodstuffs.

These considerations compel the conclusion that the chief hope of national survival lies in a revived agriculture. An ill-informed and indifferent town population is hard to convince on this subject. A crusade of education and propaganda is urgently required, in which is enlisted the interest and devotion of leading public men. But the first stage is to reach agreement as to measures necessary to promote agriculture. This will never be attained on party lines. If leaders of the older parties would cease magnifying petty personal differences, and groping for points of party distinction, when fundamentally they are negligible, there would be a better chance of the problem of agriculture being dealt with boldly. Perhaps the Committee of Economists set up by the Government as a Tribunal of Investigation "to inquire into the methods

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which have been adopted in other countries during the last fifty years to increase the prosperity of agriculture and to secure the fullest possible use of the land for the production of food and the employment of labour at a living wage, and to advise as to the methods by which those results can be achieved in this country," may produce recommendations well calculated to secure the desired purpose. Yet these are doomed in advance if politicians search them simply to discover points of conflict with their pet theories. Still, all parties claim to be sympathetically disposed towards agriculture. But the characteristic defect of contemporary political discussion is its vagueness. When asked what is proposed to be done, practical proposals and a definite programme are not forthcoming.

For generations there has been talk of improved rural education, of co-operation in buying and selling, of wiser selection of manures and seeds, etc. Admittedly, much can be done to increase yields; while small cultivators must embrace the principle of co-operation. Through it the smallholder can obtain many of the advantages of large production. It is the chief element in the success won by the peasantry of European countries, and everything possible should be done to expand it in this country. Given all these things, combined with the application of the most scientific methods of cultivation, the recovery of agriculture still will be a very long process. And the problem is so urgent that special measures must be taken to deal with it.

At the moment those concerned about agriculture and wish it lifted above party strivings, must exert themselves to expedite the findings of the Committee of Economists. If such findings would really secure agricultural prosperity, they must be pushed forward, even if they cut athwart party policies or fiscal theories. In this members of Parliament and others will need to be courageous and willing to stand above party. Farmers and labourers must combine to support any Government in carrying out a sound policy. Unfortunately, most of the labourers' leaders hail from towns, are imbued with the town outlook, and seem less concerned with agriculture than with their own political advancement. Urban dwellers should be

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made to see that a stable and profitable agriculture is essential; that it is better to sacrifice something for it now, rather than drift towards a crisis when the nation will be driven to adopt hasty and ill-prepared expedients to force land into cultivation. During the war dependence on foreign countries for food cost Great Britain dearly in life, money, and anxiety; so if home production sinks lower and the point is reached where exported commodities are insufficient to procure needed food from abroad, and home production has to be artificially stimulated, the costliness will be proportioned to the delay in taking steps to encourage it.

One party, the Labour Party, advocates a remedy which demands earnest consideration. In harmony with its Socialist principles, it proposes to nationalise land and its cultivation. How this would be carried out is not revealed. Does the party believe it possible to socialise farming and keep intact the Free Trade system? Prices must be determined by the cost of production. Presumably the producer, whether a tenant or an official of the State, is to be guaranteed prices covering the cost of production. How then is he to be safeguarded against the competition of cheap imports? Consumers will, as now, demand the benefit of the cheaper kind. Differential prices for home and foreign produce, provided the quality is comparable, cannot be maintained. Maybe the State would constitute itself sole importer, supplies would be pooled, and sold at prices averaged over the cost of the whole. Even so, the people would forfeit the benefit of free and cheap imports and agriculture would be subsidised out of the higher prices charged for the pooled supplies. Wherein does this differ, in principle, from the protective proposals of Tariff Reformers? Let it be clearly understood that a socialised agriculture involves the abrogation of Free Trade, at least in relation to those articles of food of foreign origin which compete with home produce. If this contention be sound, let the leaders of the Labour Party cease to pose as the protagonists of free imports. Their proposals lead direct either to tariffs or undefined subsidies, to both of which they offer unyielding objection when advocated by others.

The truth is that the neglect of agriculture in the past.

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and the pressing and irresistible necessity to repair this error, make some form of Protection or State assistance imperative. Efforts are being made to establish a sugar-beet industry in this country, and Parliament has recognised that it could not get a firm footing unless assisted at the outset. State help has taken the form of complete remission of duty for a period of years, which is in effect a subsidy. There is now good prospect that a prosperous industry will develop. This will encourage agriculture and create a new industry, providing employment and profit for those concerned. For every ten acres of beet grown the labour of an additional man is required. This year 15,000 acres of land are devoted to sugar-beet, employing 1,500 additional labourers. Approximately 15,000 tons of sugar will be produced. Our imports of sugar before the war amounted to one and three-quarter million tons annually. Here is scope for tremendous expansion, giving employment to thousands of agricultural labourers, besides work in the factories for three winter months. Each of the two factories now in existence employs about 600 men at the slackest period of the year. Further, the erection of factories utilises the labour of many engineers, builders, etc. What is being done for sugar-beet should also be done for the manufacture of spirit from potatoes. These two crops would help agriculture enormously. Here the fact to be noted is that neither of these industries can succeed without State assistance in some form or other at their inception. When established they provide much employment and the profitable use of capital. The policy thus represented gives real hope to agriculturists and strength and security to the nation. Unless it is expanded in a whole-hearted and sustained manner, Great Britain must fall from its eminence among the progressive nations of the world.

A Plea for Lucidity

By Dr. Alington

(Headmaster of Eton College.)

No doubt Shakespeare was justified in his belief that

Crabbed Age and Youth
Cannot live together.

Schoolmasters have perhaps more opportunities than others for making the experiment, and though they would no doubt individually disclaim his epithet, they would, if they were honest with themselves, allow that as they get older they do find it increasingly difficult to sympathise with the tastes of each generation as it rises. This is a general law from which none of us have the right to claim exemption, and from which, indeed, no exemption is possible save by the grace of God; but there are some of the generation which is now ageing who feel that in certain ways the task set them is harder than that which their predecessors had to face. It is not that "Youth is full of sport," nor that it is "hot and bold," nor that its "wildness" is peculiarly shocking to the "tameness" of their Age; for all these things they are or should be prepared. The grievance is a smaller one, and one with which it is difficult to believe that Shakespeare himself would not have sympathised: it is that Youth at the present day expresses itself in literary and artistic forms that are so extremely hard to understand. If we only said that much which nowadays passes for beauty in poetry and painting seems to us remarkably ugly, we should rightly be suspect; that is what we have to expect, for the beauties of one generation seldom make strong appeal to the generation which is passing away. For that we are, or should be, prepared, and at any rate history gives us no excuse for surprise. But what does strike us as unjust is that so much of it is frankly beyond our comprehension. Previous generations have failed to appreciate, but they have at least been able to understand; we rack our brains in the endeavour to discover what on earth our poets or our artists mean.

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No doubt there is a very simple explanation, though we must be forgiven for disliking it. "Perhaps I'm stupid," began poor Mr. Pitman (in *The Wrong Box*). "That's it," cried Michael, "very stupid." But the answer, apart from its other defects, seems to us too simple to cover all the facts, and we naturally seek for another.

It is bad enough to have to try and solve the mysteries presented to us by Cubists and Futurists; but they have at any rate a jargon which admits of discussion. It *may* be worth while to try and reproduce on canvas the visions of the subconscious mind, and we allow at any rate that we have no secure basis for criticising the utterances of the subconscious mind of other people. It is a shrewder blow when an artist who is neither a Cubist nor a Futurist gives us as "the most discussed picture of the year" a painting to which most people seem to find it very difficult to attach any clear meaning at all. But after all, most of us are not artists, any more than we are musicians, and we must allow these gifted spirits the right to roam "in worlds not realised" by most of us. But poetry seems to us to be a difficult affair; we thought we knew what words mean, and it appears that we do not; modern poetry seems increasingly to present to us a series of problems with which we are quite unfit to grapple.

Here, for example, are two poems chosen almost at random from the works of two distinguished young modernists:—

PRIVATE PROPERTY.

All fly—yet who is misanthrope?—
The actual men and things that pass
Jostling, to whither as the grass
So soon: and (be it heaven's hope,
Or poetry's kaleidoscope,
Or love or wine, at feast, at mass)
Each owns a paradise of glass
Where never a yearning heliotrope
Pursues the sun's ascent or slope;
For the sun dreams there, and no time is or was.

Like fauns embossed in our domain,
We look abroad, and our calm eyes
Mark how the goatish gods of pain
Revel; and if by grim surprise
They break into our paradise,
Patient we build its beauty up again.

A PLEA FOR LUCIDITY

PORTRAIT OF A HARLEQUIN.

So many thousand portraits,
Never yet has a Harlequin been taken
As he sits inside a window at unruffled glass!
He sits mouthing like a goldfish!
None of his words can creak out from the water.
Cocked-hat like a peacock perking and prying,
The window is his telescope and he's our admiral.
He will have the clouds here and there!
The ships with big sails bear the brunt of the fighting.
Wind will carry the lighter ships
Round the enemies' wings towards the harbour town.
The Harlequin crew run like lightning up the ropes,
They splutter through the dashing waves
And don't lose their colour.
Wherever there is lighter wind and no curving waves
They are standing in the window of their blue-black caves.

Both have obvious felicities of expression; one condescends to rhyme, but both leave an old-fashioned reader in a bewilderment which alternates between humility and indignation. "The test of the intellect" we are told by one of themselves "is more important than the tests of prosody or of tradition"; this is no doubt true, but it does not absolve the intellect from all effort after intelligibility.

We are irresistibly reminded of the allocution given to Alice by Humpty Dumpty: "'When I use a word,' Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, 'it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less. . . . They've a temper, some of them—particularly verbs, they're the proudest—adjectives you can do anything with, but not verbs—however, I can manage the whole lot! Impenetrability! That's what I say!'" The question put by Alice at its conclusion is one which we often find ourselves echoing after we have read the latest work of some admired modernist: "Would you tell me, please, what that means?"

It is probable that a great deal of this is the sheer naughtiness of youth: the desire to startle and to shock is both intelligible and excusable, but it would be easier to bear if it were at the same time accompanied by some of the high spirits which are, or used to be, Youth's traditional possession. Our young poets are predominantly gloomy, unless, indeed, as is very possible, they are laughing at us all the time for our ponderous attempts to take them seriously. "I never knew that you were such a sad

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man, till I read your poetry," said a shrewd old Eton master to one of his poetic colleagues, and it must have been somewhat of a shock to the friends who have revelled in Mr. Housman's humour to find his poetical utterances so steeped in gloom.

But we are straying from our original grievance—that modern poetry is so hard to understand. It is perhaps due in part to a resolute and laudable attempt to extend the kingdom of poetry over regions that have long been regarded as rebellious, if not unconquerable. What Wordsworth attempted to do for the trivial episodes of rural life they aspire to do for the more intractable material of modern life as a whole. Not content with saying

Homo sum : humani nihil a me alienum puto,

the modern poet will claim to glorify the 'bus on which he rides, the pipe he smokes, the cough he coughs, the medicine he takes and the results of the medicine when he has taken it. The effort, as has been said, is laudable, and if the result is often obscure, it is probably because the author has to shout rather loud to reassure himself that each particular effort is worth making. To raise the voice too loudly is, as every preacher knows, a sure road to inaudibility.

The modern poet is not to blame for the increased complexity of life. We live in days when the ordinary individual feels it increasingly impossible to resist the tyranny of the expert. It is unsafe to venture an opinion on a political subject unless one has either a profound knowledge of economics or the impudence necessary to suggest it, and the life of the amateur historian is as unsafe as that of the amateur politician. The days of the amateur are passing. No one is nowadays thought worthy to take part in any game unless he is prepared to devote much of a lifetime to its practice, and the people love to have it so. No doubt there is much to be said for excellence in any pursuit; yet, after all, the amateur made no claim except that he loved that which he pursued, and the claim has surely some validity.

Is poetry to be reft from him and to become the prey of the craftsman and the experimentalist? Are there no longer any simple and beautiful things to be said and no

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longer any simple and beautiful ways in which to say them? It is difficult to believe, and, after all, pessimism is needless. There is a great deal on which we can fall back, and in the depths of our respectable smoking-rooms we shall shake hands over the belief that to have written

old unhappy far-off things
And battles long ago

is to have set a standard on which no subsequent generation has improved; that a chorus or two in *Atalanta* and a song or two in Tennyson have "intellect" enough for us and music enough for anybody; as we sink towards our second childhood we shall flatter ourselves with the hope that Youth is really on our side, after all, and will not soon surrender the metres which all children rightly love, and we shall be found maintaining with our latest breath that Simplicity is of the essence of greatness, so that no writer can be truly great who leaves an intelligent reader in any real doubt as to what he is trying to say.

[*We are happy to have been able to furnish Dr. Alington (in this issue) both with an example of the delightful humour of Mr. Laurence Housman, and with Sir William Orpen's explanation of his picture.—Ed., E.R.*]

Recognition

By Catherine Wells

It is said that the looker-on sees most of the game. However that may be, he certainly sees how the players look while they are playing it.

The restaurant of the mail steamer between Calais and Dover is a curious place to be in. It is never quite where one expects to find it, always the steamer seems to have rearranged its contents since one's last crossing and to have shuffled this feeding-place away in the luggage hold or among the engines when it used to be mixed up with the ladies' cabin or the smoking-room; one has had the long journey from Paris after a very small and early breakfast, one is peckishly hungry and anxious to get fed safely and steadily and everything tucked comfortably away before the boat leaves the harbour for the tossing uncertainties of the Channel. One plunges deeper and deeper down vertical stairs until one gets there at last, an odd place like a refreshment room at the bottom of a well; there is a quantity of hearty food on a buffet, and people are scattered down the sides of long tables, eating in a tremendous hurry.

I felt the lunch was on altogether too grand a scale for the guarded sustenance I required, and I ordered sandwiches and tea. Early arrival as I was, I was not the first. I took a place at one of the long tables politely near but not discourteously close to a large placid lady who was eating with a peaceful steadiness at a plateful of "Roast sirloin of beef. Vegetables" (and it is a plateful; never have I seen ampler value for money than the Channel steamer luncheon). We ate side by side for a time, if my mousey nibblings could be called eating in the presence of my generously built neighbour; and people kept dropping down the vertical staircase and arriving on the sloping floor, and settling here and there and getting impatient, and the single waiter hurried faster and faster between

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the tables. Presently a larger man than usual swayed towards my table, and sat down lumpishly in the chair immediately opposite my neighbour.

He was a fat man. He was not smoothly and pinkly fat, as my lady neighbour was smoothly and pinkly stout, but fat in a hard, creased way, so that he looked difficult to wash instead of being easier. He took his soft felt hat from a flattened head, his hair was tightly brushed down, his nose thickened at the tip, and his moustache looked ill-treated. He threw off his heavy steamer coat and hung it up with a jerk and a grunt, thrust down his arms to extract his shirt-cuffs, and sat down after some difficulty with the chair. The chair baulked him because he began that large gesture of seizure by the back that parts a chair from its table with a flourish and a bang, and it was screwed to the floor after the manner of steamer chairs. He had to revolve it and insinuate himself into its curved embrace with unaccustomed movements of accommodation. He grabbed at the menu. I could not help wondering how it could be that he had ever been that small and delicate thing, a baby, and how his large, clumsy grey thumbs had ever evolved from the little pink daintinesses that are a child's. He ordered his lunch with a snarl, the full lunch, and a whisky and soda, threw down the card pettishly, and leant back to look up and survey the scene as a person of consequence should.

I don't think he saw me. I don't think he ever saw me from start to finish. People like me are not seen by people like him. What he did see was the large, placid lady.

Have you ever seen, suddenly, a very bolt from the blue, Cupid's arrow transfix a totally unprepared human heart? I did. It was great fun.

You see, she carried him off his feet in quite a lot of ways. She was so magnificently large; in some respects she could give even him points at that, for all her size was of that soft, expansive sort that amplifies and tells while, as I say, he was tight and uncomfortable and creased. Then she was eating, calmly and unhurriedly, those massive slices of meat as if it was no effort at all, and drinking—and his respect obviously grew greater as he noticed it—a pint of stout. Also she was very well dressed in black;

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her hair, like everything else about her, was smooth and abundant and neat, and her stoutness encircled a large face that was peacefully pretty. He sat there completely "knocked," as we used to say years ago; so knocked that he forgot for the moment to shut his mouth, which had fallen open at the violent impact of her charm. She was not looking at him, not noticing him, serenely occupied in cutting up her food, eating it gracefully and looking blandly about her in the intervals without appearing either to regard him or disregard him.

He shut his mouth, and went on looking at her. She did not catch his eye.

Still looking at her he put his elbow on the table, leant his cheek on his knuckles, and drummed with the fingers of his other hand.

She seemed as unaware of him as if he were the head of Calais pier, which it was becoming very evident we had left a long way behind us.

Still keeping an eye on her for the faintest possibility of catching her glance, he fussed about in his chair, saying "T-T" to the flying waiter because his lunch had not come.

By the tiniest lift of her eyebrow she drew the waiter to her side, gave a quiet order, and had her exhausted plate deferentially removed.

Feeling that her attention was now certainly free, he put both elbows on the table, both fists beneath his chin, and stared.

She ate bread.

The waiter skated back and put before her a fine helping of what had been an exceptionally tall, well-developed fowl. Salad followed. Ham?

One slice.

If there had been anything required to complete his subjugation, it was provided by the quiet mastery with which she began on this second plateful. His admiration visibly deepened until it was abysmal. For the moment he was so simply admiring that he forgot his campaign on her notice.

His own lunch began to arrive. But it commenced with soup, and somehow, directly it was tasted, soup seemed utterly contemptible in its flimsiness. Like feeding a noble

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elephant with muslin. He wanted to be hacking his meat in gobbets and chewing with *her*. To show her that he was a hearty, healthy chap who could relish big, bone-building food. He waved away the soup. "'Ere," he said to the waiter. His manner changed marvellously to the waiter; he made a jolly sort of remark to him to let her hear what a pleasant voice he had. The waiter brought some beef unresponsively.

The stout lady went on eating gently in large, handsome mouthfuls, and seemed to be lost in dreamy recollections of a happy childhood.

He received the plateful of beef with an amiable noise, took up his knife and fork with a clatter, said "H'm," and began to eat as impressively as possible. Eating was a bit difficult for him because he still had to keep his eyes on the watch for her chance glance.

He suddenly perceived a great opportunity. If a line had been drawn down the middle of the cloth between them, dividing the table into two exact halves, the mustard-pot would have been discovered just two inches over it on her half. He put down knife and fork, emptied his mouth nicely, leant as far over towards her as he could, deferentially bending, stretched out a hand to the mustard-pot, threw a world of expression into his eyes and said:

"Will you excuse me, ma'am?"

She was looking slantingly past him and a little upward at the distant wall. She bent her head in queenly permission without turning an eyelash in his direction. He was very disappointed. For a little while he just ate. It seemed as if nothing was going to be any good. I was reminded of those ladies whom the Elizabethan poets reproachfully called "the cruel fair." And time, too, was getting on. She had reached the apple tart.

My meagre sandwiches had gone long since. I was spinning things out with the dregs of the teapot. He hummed a lively snatch of tune, and looked about anxiously to see if he couldn't involve some adjacent male in a conversation that might presently draw her in. But everyone else was sitting impossibly far off. She was getting to the end of her apple tart.

She refused biscuits and cheese! The sands of opportunity were running out like an avalanche. There was no

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more time to lose in the delicacies, the coqueties of advance that had been his method hitherto. He had to resort to one of the less recondite and more unmistakable devices known to man for the invasion of the female heart. He shuffled gently, making quite sure of his bearings, and then brought down the forepart of his immense blacked boot upon her neat shoe in a firm, slow, decided pressure.

He strengthened this by pushing his face a little forward and murmuring "Excuse me."

She did not appear to notice that anything whatever had happened to her. She got up quietly and went away upstairs, not at all as if she wished to avoid anything in the world, but simply as though she had done. And quite unmistakably she had done. There was not an uneaten crust, or a heel-tap of her pint of stout to encourage the slightest hope in her admirer that she had left in coy flight.

He sat there humiliated. If he had been just a little nicer I could have felt quite sorry for him. He was left there with his beef half eaten and his vegetables cold, and all the whisky and soda gone; and how was he going to get the heart to tackle the fowl and ham and salad course, and the apple tart to follow? His lunch was all spoilt. He tumbled the remaining food on his plate pettishly, and signed to the waiter he had finished. I felt that, invisible as I was, it was cruel to pry further upon his abjection. I went upstairs.

It was wet on deck, and I had to find a place under shelter that gave me no chance of encountering either of my fellow-passengers again. And at Dover there was the usual hustle and crush and I did not meet them. But at Charing Cross!

At Charing Cross I suddenly caught sight of them both walking towards the barrier in placid conversation—at least she was providing the placid conversation and he was jerking in the most obsequious remarks and deeply propitiatory gestures I have ever seen.

Politics and the Public Schools

By the Right Hon. Lord Raglan

OF the questions which face us to-day one of the most important is, are we going to leave politics, and consequently the government of this country and Empire, to the tub-thumpers, and if not, how are we to avoid it?

The answer, in my opinion, is by teaching politics and public speaking at the public schools. I shall deal with politics later, but first as to public speaking.

Most men of the upper and middle classes have to make speeches at times. Members of public bodies, chairmen of companies, clubs, and charitable organisations, office holders in guilds and benevolent societies—the list is almost endless—all these people have to make speeches. Few public school boys can have reached middle age without having had to make a speech.

Most of us do it very badly indeed, and the reason is that we have never been taught.

In the House of Commons to-day the Socialist members are the best speakers. Their matter may be inferior, but unfortunately this can be and is more than compensated for by delivery, expression, and method of making points. They learn by constant practice, for which few of us have either the inclination or the opportunities.

Our only real chance to learn is at school, and there, unfortunately, we seldom either obtain or take it. It is true that at most schools there are "speeches," but only a very few selected boys take part in them. There are also debating societies, but in these, as a rule, there is little instruction or helpful criticism. A few boys gifted with a natural fluency or impudence do most of the talking, while the majority either sit silent or intervene merely to mumble a few unintelligible sentences.

We learned what pains Demosthenes and Cicero took to perfect themselves in the art of oratory. They knew that without it they could never attain to a position of

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influence in a democratic country. But the moral was never pointed.

I do not suggest that we should attempt to turn school-boys into Ciceros. It is not necessary to teach them to make long speeches. Most speeches are far too long. To stand up in front of a crowd without losing their heads; to express themselves briefly, intelligibly, and audibly on some simple subject; to round off their remarks and then sit down—a master who had taught all his pupils this could congratulate himself on having taught them something which was certain to be of great value to them, and also on having conferred a boon on those who will be compelled to listen to them.

The fact is that most Englishmen despise, and I think rightly despise, the arts of the orator. The average negro is far more eloquent and fluent than the average Englishman. The half-educated Bengali can talk for hours, and talk well, on almost any subject. I have heard illiterate Arabs whose eloquence almost brought tears to my eyes, although I knew there was not a word of truth in what they were saying.

We all admire the strong, silent man, but the trouble is that, as a rule, we do not vote for him.

Oratory is a trick, but it is a trick we shall all have to learn if we do not wish to find ourselves at the mercy of the animated gramophones who are being poured out in increasing numbers from the slums of our great cities, and, like most tricks, it is acquired most readily by the young.

Now as to the teaching of politics. The average educated man is quite unable to explain and justify the political opinions which he holds, or to put up any case against the fallacies of the Marxian school or of the other doctrinaire Socialists and revolutionaries whose exhalations now cloud the political atmosphere.

He is often supremely ignorant of the functions of the various branches of the legislature, judicature, etc., and his interest in the Government, both Imperial and local, is apt to be limited to complaints as to the burden of rates and taxes and the inefficiency of the telephone and other public services.

The result is that the administration tends to get more and more into the hands of professional politicians,

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bureaucrats, and cranks. The fault lies again, I think, with the schoolmaster or his employers. The public-school boy, while compelled to exercise his brains on the study of trigonometry and other, to the average man, quite useless sciences, is never encouraged to study the science of government, upon which the maintenance of our civilisation depends.

The reasons which might be urged against the teaching of politics in our public schools may be summarised as follows :—

(1) They never have been taught, and schoolmasters are very conservative.

(2) They are not a subject set for the University and Service examinations.

(3) The average schoolmaster knows nothing about them.

(4) Many schoolmasters are indifferent disciplinarians, and prefer not to teach subjects likely to lead to argument.

(5) Parents might object to their sons being brought into contact with political opinions of which they disapprove.

(6) The syllabus is already overcrowded.

I will endeavour to answer these *seriatim* :—

(1) In former days few people took an active part in the administration. Local government, such as it was, was entrusted to a handful of magistrates. Elections were won by influence or bribery, and even members of Parliament were not expected to know much about politics. Few except Front Benchers took any part in the debates.

(2) Public schools are, or should be, real educational institutions, and not merely crammers.

(3) If politics became part of the curriculum, masters would have to study them. From this point of view the recent election to Parliament of a highly respected Eton master, Mr. A. A. Somerville, is perhaps a hopeful augury.

(4) The training of schoolmasters is outside the scope of this article, but I have often thought that a year's training in, let us say, the Metropolitan Police, would form an excellent beginning to a public school master's career.

(5) If politics were taught at all public schools, parents would have no choice. There is no reason why politics

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should be taught in such a manner as to inspire hatred or contempt of those whose opinions are different. At most public schools the great majority of boys belong to the Church of England, but pupils belonging to other Christian, and even non-Christian, sects are admitted, and I have never heard of a case of persecution.

(6) The question of the syllabus is one on which opinions do and must differ. I should vote for throwing out the higher branches of mathematics. They are useless in most professions, add nothing to the general knowledge of the pupil, and, owing to the amount of individual attention required, are difficult to teach satisfactorily.

Having then, let us hope, installed "Political Science" as a subject in the curriculum of every public school, we have now to consider how it should be taught. In my opinion, it should be by means of a combination of text-books, lectures, and general history teaching.

First, to take text-books. These should be, as far as possible, of a non-controversial character. The first volume might contain an account of the British Constitution, including the judicial system, local government, and the various methods adopted to raise revenue. Technical terms should be avoided or carefully explained.

It might also describe the principal changes which have taken place during the last hundred years and the constitutions of the Dominions.

The second volume might give a short account of the constitutions of ancient Athens and Rome, and of the more stable and important foreign countries of to-day, such as France, Switzerland, and especially the United States, pointing out where necessary the difference between them and that of this country. A better knowledge in this country of the constitution of the United States and the functions of the President would have helped to avoid the misunderstandings which have arisen in the last few years between the two countries. The volume might also contain an account of the various political devices, such as the referendum, proportional representation and secondary electorate, which form part of the constitutions of certain countries, but have not hitherto been adopted by ourselves.

A third volume might contain accounts of leading statesmen, both British and foreign, written, if possible,

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in an impartial manner. If this is impossible, accounts of, let us say, Mr. Gladstone, written both from the Conservative and the Liberal point of view, should prove both instructive and amusing.

Secondly, as to lectures. One of the best ways to interest boys, or, for the matter of that, men, in a controversial subject is to let them hear it discussed by people of opposite views. There is a sporting element in this which appeals to most of us. I suggest, therefore, that the lectures should take the now sufficiently familiar form of dialogues in fixed periods on political topics of the day between, if possible, two well-known politicians, or at any rate two men who are well up in the subject. Boys should not be compelled to take notes, as this tends to interrupt their train of thought and to induce them to concentrate on the speaker's words rather than on his meaning.

Lastly, as to the teaching of history. This is a subject on which it is easy to enlarge and also to dogmatise, but I will try merely to indicate in general terms the system which I believe might profitably be adopted.

The great mistake made is that it is attempted to teach too much. The schoolboy is taken at a gallop through the pages of English history, and is merely pulled up now and then in order that he may commit to memory the Constitutions of Clarendon or the battles of the Wars of the Roses. He is compelled to form estimates of the character and abilities of kings, statesmen, and leaders of opinion without having a clear idea of the problems with which they were confronted or the real results of their achievements. A better method, I believe, would be to take a period of twenty years, such as 1580-1600, 1620-1640, 1660-1680, and, having given the pupil as clear an idea as possible of the political, social, and economic conditions which obtained at the beginning of the period, to trace in detail the changes which took place, illustrating them by comparisons with similar events which have taken place in this or other countries.

One learns more of a foreign country by staying for a time in one place and studying the ideas and mode of life of the people than by dashing through it in a train or car. May not the same be true of history?

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The value of history, properly taught, is that it gives the student a standard of comparison. With what can he profitably compare the Wars of the Roses?

Ancient history is also valuable if properly taught; the events are beyond controversy, and can be displayed with full consideration for cause and effect; but here again it would be best to concentrate on periods, such as those of Pericles and Cicero, from which parallels can be drawn to the events of our own day.

Students can be taught to appreciate the comparative advantages and disadvantages of despotic, aristocratic, and democratic forms of government, and can learn that such problems as how to cheapen food without ruining agriculture are by no means new.

In conclusion, I will only say that the object of a liberal, as distinct from a technical, education is, or should be, to fit the recipient to take his proper place in society; at the present day an ex-public school boy cannot do this unless he is both able and willing to take his share in the public life of the country, and he is much more likely to be willing if he is able.

The Politician at War

By L. Cope Cornford

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S book* disengages the peculiar interest of the narrative of a middle-aged politician who suddenly becomes a kind of commander-in-chief in a great war. For that he personally directed the operations in naval warfare during his tenure of the office of First Lord of the Admiralty is sufficiently obvious. "I interpreted my duty," writes Mr. Churchill, "in the following way:—I accepted full responsibility for bringing about successful results, and in that spirit I exercised a close general supervision over everything that was done or proposed. Further, I claimed and exercised an unlimited power of suggestion and initiative over the whole field, subject only to the approval and agreement of the First Sea Lord on all operative orders. Right or wrong, that is what I did, and it is on that basis that I wish to be judged."

That is a candid exposition enough. It is a part of our marvellous British Constitution that the decisive authority at the head of the fighting Services should be a civilian; and that the position and duties of that civilian in relation to his professional colleagues should remain largely undefined. "If in the great number of decisions and orders which these pages recount and which deal with so many violent and controversial affairs, mistakes can be found which led to mishap, the fault is mine. If, on the other hand, favourable results were achieved, that should be counted to some extent an offset." That, again, is a fair enough statement. But it must be observed by the student of Mr. Churchill's history that its main purpose seems to be to prove that the Admiralty made no mistakes, or hardly any, and that mishaps were always the fault of the Admirals at sea. The politician turned warrior is still

* *The World Crisis, 1911-1914.* By the Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, C.H., First Lord of the Admiralty, 1911-1915. Thornton Butterworth.

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the politician. He must still be justifying himself. For in politics the first rule is that you are never wrong.*

It is this natural but unfortunate bias which, while it increases its psychological value, vitiates the whole value of the book as history. By virtue of some inscrutable law of nature, the writer of a book inevitably reveals his character, although it were written for the express purpose of disguising character. And the study of Mr. Churchill's book leads to the question as to whether the party politician is quite the right kind of man to conduct military operations, in which the life and death of millions are involved.

The man did his best. Of that there is no doubt. His energy, quickness, courage, tenacity and resource were magnificent. He was placed in a position in which (as he truly says) he was held responsible for whatever happened. A less courageous, or a more modest, politician would have done one of two things. He would have summoned his colleagues, professional seamen, on the Board of Admiralty, and have addressed them to this effect: "Gentlemen, we are in a state of war. It is for you to conduct the war at sea. You may rely upon me to support your every action and to give you everything you want. Should you make mistakes, it will fall upon me to appoint your successors." Or he would have resigned.

Mr. Churchill took a third course, which he has described. His self-confidence has always been so imperturbable that it approaches the sublime. Of naval warfare he had the knowledge of an amateur, which, like most amateurs, he mistook for the knowledge of the professional. On the other hand, as Mr. Churchill might not unreasonably argue, the Navy had no experience of war. There was no War Staff. It is to Mr. Churchill's credit that he tried to form a War Staff at the Admiralty, despite the opposition of the Admirals on the active list. It was a measure which the late Lord Beresford had urged all his life. And, again, Mr. Churchill might fairly contend that somebody had to do something, and that the individual in question seemed to be himself.

Here is an instance. On July 24th, 1914, Mr.

* "Never in any circumstances must they admit a mistake."—The Duke of Northumberland, 9th May, 1923.

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Churchill attended a Cabinet meeting at which Sir Edward (now Viscount) Grey read the Austrian note to Serbia. "I went back to the Admiralty," writes Mr. Churchill, "at about 6 o'clock. I said to my friends who have helped me so many years in my work that there was real danger and that it might be war. I took stock of the position, and wrote out to focus them in my mind a series of points which would have to be attended to if matters did not mend. My friends kept these as a check during the days that followed and ticked them off one by one as they were settled." Here follows a series of seventeen items, scribbled by Mr. Churchill upon a sheet of Admiralty notepaper, of which a photograph is published in his book. What were these items? The compilation of the list really does Mr. Churchill a good deal of credit, for it includes most of the measures requisite on the outbreak of war. "For the moment, however," he adds, "there was nothing to do. At no time in all these last three years were we more completely ready."

"Nothing to do," and "completely ready." . . . It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Churchill, either at the time, or since, that the document he publishes, alike in its contents and its omissions, rather suggests a singularly vague conception of the war which the Navy, at least, had been expecting for years. It is certainly implied in Mr. Churchill's narrative that there did not exist a detailed plan to be put into execution in the event of war; for when the danger appeared Mr. Churchill himself, as he says, jotted down a few of the requisite measures. Again, Mr. Churchill records that: "I had suggested to the First Sea Lord as early as July 28 (1914) that an additional battle-cruiser, the *New Zealand*, should be sent to reinforce our squadron" (in the Mediterranean). Four days later: "I called for the war orders of the Mediterranean command and discussed them fully with the First Sea Lord." Then Mr. Churchill proceeds to publish the War Orders of the Mediterranean Command. War Orders are documents of the strictest secrecy confided to the Commander-in-Chief. If Mr. Churchill thinks he is justified in making known their contents, that is the affair of H.M. Government; but it would appear that Admiral Sir A. Berkeley Milne did not think it right to publish

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them two years after the war; for in his book, "The Flight of the *Goeben* and *Breslau*," he omits a reference to his War Orders which would have explained his action in assembling his fleet upon being informed in a (mistaken) telegram from the Admiralty that war had been declared upon Austria.

Having discussed the War Orders with the First Sea Lord (Prince Louis of Battenberg), Mr. Churchill discharged a series of telegrams upon Sir Berkeley Milne, of which the ultimate result was the escape of the *Goeben* and *Breslau*. Had the Admiralty left Sir Berkeley Milne to his own discretion the *Goeben* would not have escaped.

On the morning of August 4th, before the declaration of war, the Admiralty telegraphed to Sir Berkeley Milne that with regard to the *Goeben*, he was to "Hold her." Mr. Churchill does not explain what he meant by ordering an Admiral to "hold" a foreign man-of-war in time of peace. Had Sir Berkeley Milne adopted the obvious interpretation and sunk the *Goeben*, he would have been accused of precipitating the war, ordered to haul down his flag and probably tried by court-martial. Having sent the telegram, Mr. Churchill asked the Cabinet to authorise Sir Berkeley Milne to engage the *Goeben* should she attack the French transports. Permission was refused, and Mr. Churchill sent another telegram cancelling the authorisation to engage the *Goeben*.

Such were the opening moves of the politician turned warrior. Subsequently, the Admiralty forbade Sir Berkeley Milne to go within six miles of the Italian coast. He was thus prevented from attacking the *Goeben* when she was at Messina. Sir Berkeley Milne has been criticised because he did not station a battle-cruiser at either end of the strait of Messina. In his book, Sir Berkeley Milne shows that his orders compelled him to adopt another course. But it has not been made clear hitherto that the six-mile limit, which the Admiralty had instructed Sir Berkeley Milne strictly to respect, and within which the *Goeben* could move freely, gave her plenty of room to escape at either end from a British battle-cruiser of inferior speed stationed outside the limit. Mr. Churchill is apparently ignorant of that tactical circumstance, for he implies that Sir Berkeley Milne was to blame; although

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the Admiralty on August 30th, 1914, "approved the measures taken by him in all respects."

In that expression of approval Mr. Churchill concurred; yet in his book he does not hesitate to set forth what is virtually a criticism both of the Admiralty and of Sir Berkeley Milne. He calls the escape of the *Goeben* a "sinister fatality." It was really the result of an Admiralty muddle for which Mr. Churchill shares the responsibility.

Precisely the same reflection applies to the defeat of Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock's squadron off Coronel. The correspondence in the *Morning Post* on the subject has revealed facts which Mr. Churchill omits to mention in his book. It is now known that the Admiralty insisted on dividing Cradock's forces, and refused his repeated requests to send to him one additional cruiser. It has also been made clear that Cradock, in engaging Von Spee, was acting in strict accordance with Admiralty orders, in so far as any human brain could interpret these impulsive messages.

Thus, again, Mr. Churchill blames the Admiral at sea by implication in order to exonerate himself and the Admiralty at home; and again he both suppresses some essential facts and distorts others. Fortunately, although Cradock is dead, his friends are not; and the honour of a great seaman and a chivalrous gentleman has been partly vindicated. But it will not be wholly vindicated until Mr. Churchill formally retracts the offending passages in his book.

It is perhaps inevitable that your politician should be incapable of understanding the traditions and the spirit of the Royal Navy. Although Mr. Churchill can write perfervid journalism about his Majesty's ships—"Guard them well, admirals and captains, hardy tars and tall marines; guard them well and guide them true," etc.—he can also write in respect of the *Hogue* and *Cressy* standing by to save the officers and men of the sinking *Aboukir*: "Although the impulse . . . was one of generous humanity, they could hardly have done anything more unwise or more likely to add to the loss of life. They should at once have steamed away in opposite directions, lowering boats at the first opportunity."

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Mr. Churchill's remark may be perfectly logical; nevertheless the fact remains that in the Navy other and perhaps higher considerations are regarded.

The Antwerp expedition is sufficiently notorious. Here, our warrior-politician actually proposed to resign his office of First Lord of the Admiralty and to assume command of military operations on land. According to Mr. Churchill, that frantic enterprise, disastrous as it proved, was entirely justified. Perhaps it was. The present writer is no authority on such matters. Judgment is the more difficult, inasmuch as the student cannot but feel that even if Mr. Churchill were convinced he had made a mistake, he would think it essential not to admit failure. "I acted for the best," he writes, "with confidence in the loyalty of my colleagues, in the goodwill of the public, and above all, in my own judgment, which I seemed to see confirmed from day to day by many remarkable events."

And now, having observed two or three instances of our politician hard at work making war and making history, it is not impertinent to ask if Mr. Churchill, then or since, really understood what the Navy is for, if only because Mr. Churchill, always eager to dilate upon the means employed by the Navy to accomplish its purpose—upon speed, guns, armour and the like—does not in the whole of his huge book explain what that purpose is.

The purpose of the Navy may be very simply stated. It is to keep free the seas for our own ships and to deny the sea to the ships of the enemy. Why? Because in accomplishing that purpose our own supplies of food and raw material are assured and the supplies of food and raw material to the enemy are stopped. When his supplies are stopped he can fight no more.

It does not matter by what method the Navy achieves that purpose. Sometimes it is achieved by a Fleet action, sometimes by close blockade, sometimes by distant blockade. All depends upon circumstances.

As Rear-Admiral Consett shows in his very remarkable book, *The Triumph of Unarmed Forces*,* the Navy did in fact stop the ships carrying supplies to the enemy, while the Government, from 1914 to 1917, released them,

* London: Williams and Norgate.

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so that the purpose of the Navy was defeated, its work destroyed, and the enemy was enabled to prolong the war for some three years by the British Government, of which Mr. Churchill was a member. Yet Mr. Churchill does not even refer to the economic blockade enforced by the Navy, in the face of the most imminent perils and at the cost of the most frightful hardship to officers and men, nor the action of the Government in secretly undoing their work as fast as it was done. Surely here is a strange omission?

As a member of the Cabinet, Mr. Churchill, though he does not mention the circumstance, was responsible for the illegal adoption of the Declaration of London, which involved the complete surrender of British naval rights under the Law of Nations.

A book which is ostensibly a history of the conduct of the war at sea, and in which the purpose of the war is wholly ignored, can only be regarded as an autobiographical study of its author. And that, for what it is worth, is Mr. Churchill's *World Crisis*.

After One Hundred Years

By The Hon. John Fortescue, C.V.O.

It is not without instruction or interest to study the feelings of our great-grandfathers when in the year 1815 they found themselves in possession of a new British Empire. There had been a time, in the great days of Chatham, when the English had felt proud of the vast extent of their Imperial sway; and they flattered themselves that, wherever the British flag flew, the subjects of Britain enjoyed the same measure of freedom as they themselves in their island home. And, setting slavery aside, they were not altogether wrong. Yet suddenly there had arisen in the American Colonies a body of men who, when called upon to contribute to the cost of Imperial defence, had first admitted the justice of the principle, then declared the impossibility of agreement as to their contribution among themselves, and, when the Mother Country proposed to settle this difficult point for them, had cried out with indignation against infringement of their liberties. There is no need to go further into the details of the miserable quarrel. The blunders of the British Government may be freely admitted; but so impartial an observer as Lord Bryce has recorded that the issues in dispute might have been amicably adjusted with ease, had not the malcontents on the American side been not merely malcontents but revolutionary theorists. And so there came war and the Declaration of Independence, with its assertion of the equality of all men, and the final separation of 1783. Canada was indeed retained; but though vast in territory, it was small in population; and the British Empire was suddenly reduced from three millions of white men beyond the water to a few score thousands in Canada and the Caribbean Sea.

The English were puzzled, hurt, and humiliated. They blamed various people, chiefly, and most unjustly, King George III.; but this was their first experience for many generations of the popular revolutionary spirit, and they did not understand it. Within a very few

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years they were further enlightened. In 1789 began the French Revolution, with its development of the formula, "government by the poor and payment by the rich"; and France, bankrupt and starving through the folly of the extremists who had seized upon power, sallied forth to the plunder of her neighbours. The struggle did not end under the Revolution, the Consulate, and the Empire, until England had found herself, either nominally or actually, at war with every Power in Europe, and, thanks to the astuteness of Napoleon, with the United States also. Yet she emerged victorious, still retaining not only her former possessions (for the United States had failed to wrest Canada from her, as they had hoped) but adding to them in the Mediterranean Malta and the Ionian Islands, on the road to India the Cape of Good Hope, Mauritius and Ceylon, in India itself a vast territory, and in the west Demerara, on the mainland of South America. Moreover, there were the penal settlements of Australia and Van Diemen's Land, now beginning to grow in population and demanding increased garrisons. In the course of the war the British soldier had fought or presented himself in arms in Holland, Belgium, Westphalia, Pomerania, Sweden, Northern France, Southern France, North Italy, South Italy, Sicily, Minorca, Spain and Portugal, Malta, the Ionian Islands, Egypt, the Red Sea, the Cape, Mauritius, Ceylon, India from Attock almost to Cape Comorin, Java, the West Indies, the north of South America, Buenos Aires and Monte Video, New Orleans, Washington, and the frontier of Canada and the United States. Out of a population of fourteen millions England had for years kept some eleven hundred thousand men under arms; and the result, once more, was a new Empire.

What was to be done with it? The only truth immediately realised was that, for the present, it brought in very little, and cost very large sums in garrisons and civil administration. And to what end? That in due time those that were best worth keeping would go the way of America. Meanwhile, the distress in England itself was beyond measure acute. There was no foreign trade because no one on the Continent, after twenty years of war and of Napoleon's exactions, had any money. There was

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no home trade because, owing to a sudden fall in prices, the agricultural industry, which had been greatly improved by scientific cultivation and by the investment of enormous sums of capital, was on the verge of ruin. There was riot and disorder, and, as usual, there were frantic appeals to the Government to put an abrupt end to evils which were curable only by time, thrift and patience. The revolutionary spirit was abroad; and the Government at least met it with uncompromising repression, being determined that, whatever the evils that might exist, anarchy should not be added to them. But to be patient under extreme distress and a crushing burden of taxation is, as we in these days know well, not easy. Unemployment and poverty were relieved under the old Poor Law by a system of doles which was alike demoralising and ruinous; and the prospect seemed to be perfectly hopeless. Parliament could only insist upon the most rigid economy; and, in accordance with tradition, it devoted its most strenuous efforts to the reduction of expenditure upon the Army and upon the Colonies.

For full five and twenty years after Waterloo it may be said that the whole burden of the Empire was laid on the back of the infantry of the line. The strength of the Army was cut down so low that there were not nearly enough men to do the work; and the result was that, as a rule, three-fourths—sometimes as many as four-fifths—of the battalions of the line were on foreign service. The nominal allowance of home service was ten years to every twenty years abroad; the actual allowance was barely four years at home to every twenty over sea, for the most part in unhealthy climates. The men were poorly paid, badly fed, infamously housed, and subjected to the meanest parcimony in the matter of pensions. The State cursed them for their love of drink, but took good care to supply them with bad liquor, and to make money out of their drunkenness. The officers were as poorly paid and as shabbily treated. And they were all worked to death by war after war; for a new Empire had been won, and needed consolidation. In the eleven years that followed Waterloo there was a two years' war with Nepal, another two years' war in Central India, yet another in Burma, yet another on the West Coast of Africa, and a twelve months' war in

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Ceylon. The campaigns may not have been very glorious, but they were very destructive, for they were mostly fought in very deadly climates. In Burma, for instance, the white regiments buried six men out of seven. None the less, the British soldier performed his task, as he always does, thoroughly and cheerfully; and though his deeds may have been forgotten, his work remains to this day.

Meanwhile, at home it was decided that the only remedy for all evils was to lower the Parliamentary franchise, and so to disarm the revolutionary spirit which, in 1830, had shown itself pretty clearly, not only in England, but in France and practically all over the Continent of Europe. So the franchise was lowered; but none the less the distress continued, and the revolutionary spirit was not in the least abated. Moreover, the troublesome Colonies came to the fore again with a Kaffir war in Cape Colony and what was called a rebellion in Canada; and once again it was imperative to spend money upon them and upon that most unpopular of all objects, the British soldier. Again, these troubles were scarcely over before there came, from 1838 to 1848, ten years of almost continuous war in India. What was to be done with such an Empire, looking to its perpetual drain of money and garrisons? Give it up, said one school, not for the first time. Henry Brougham in 1816 had advocated the abandonment of Malta, the Ionian Islands, the Cape, and Ceylon—all the ports, in fact, that guarded the way to India—and also of Demerara. Sir William Molesworth in 1848 advocated the abandonment of the Ionian Islands, the West Indies, and the West African settlements; the transfer of Ceylon to the East India Company; the cession of the Falkland Islands to Buenos Aires; and the grant of free institutions to the Cape and Mauritius and of self-government to Canada. The worthy gentleman's argument was intended to prove that the Colonies were a great expense and did not pay. It was all a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence to him and to his school. Neither soldiers nor citizens of the Empire were flesh and blood to them.

Yet twelve years before Lord Howick had decided that even the British soldier was deserving of some consideration, and had introduced various reforms to improve his

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condition; and rather earlier Edward Gibbon Wakefield had pointed out that if good emigrants, instead of convicts, were helped to pass to the new lands beyond the sea, new Englands might spring up in many quarters to vie with the old. That year 1848 was a curious one, since it brought with it not only the third signal outbreak of the revolutionary spirit since Waterloo, but also the discovery of gold, first in California and later in Australia. This gold, according to some authorities, was the chief factor in restoring the prosperity which had refused until then to revive since the end of the great war in 1815.

There is no need to dwell on the various acts by which self-government was conceded to the Colonies that now enjoy it, nor on the success of this boldest of experiments. In the fifties of the last century it was expected that the Colonies would before long declare their independence, but they have not yet; and the great struggle which brought not only the entire British Empire, but ultimately the entire English-speaking race, into line against a common enemy, drew them closer to the Mother Country. And here once again the British soldier played his part, for the little Army, known as the "Old Contemptibles," set the standard of valour and devotion, before it was annihilated; and every man in khaki, as was shown at Anzac and at Vimy (to quote but two names), whencesoever he came, adopted that standard as his own. It is a common discipline that leads men to unity, and there is no such discipline, as there is no such comradeship, as that of war.

Yet there is one strange thing to notice, not only about the Empire, but also about the world at large. Everywhere the doctrine of equality has been accepted; everywhere democracy (whatever democracy may be) has been nominally established; yet practically everywhere the revolutionary spirit is still not merely alive, but rampant. A great country has recently put into practice the latest methods of government by the poor and payment by the rich; but the experiment, though appallingly expensive in human lives, cannot be accounted exactly a success. None the less, there are men in the majority of countries who yearn to apply the same treatment to their compatriots; and a great many Governments seem not to dare to suppress them. In one country, indeed, the citizens have

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leagued themselves together to do the suppression themselves. Is the like going to happen to every nation? Is the world to be governed in future by secret societies at the revolver's muzzle? If so, the establishment of democracy would seem not to be an unmixed blessing. Possibly the theory of equality is not a very safe basis upon which to reconstruct a civilisation. It is easy to pass commonplaces about the eternal struggle between the Haves and the Have nots. But what is the possession which distinguishes a Have from a Have not? Property, wealth, answers the Communist, all of which should be shared in common. But is this the correct answer? Should it not be, not wealth, but brains? And how are brains to be shared in common? Only by liberating them from their brain-pan and scattering them on the ground with the help of a revolver; which, indeed, is the revolutionary method, but not very profitable, nor of any real permanence. It is a mad world; but, if there be anything certain to be predicated of the human creature, it is that, in the long run, the man with the better brain will always govern the man with the worse, and that no number of revolutions, nor any amount of slaughter, short of annihilation of the species, can upset this perhaps unwelcome but certainly immutable law.

The Income Tax Net

SHOULD IT BE MORE WIDELY SPREAD?

By The Rt. Hon. Lord Decies, P.C., D.S.O.,
Director of the Income Tax Payers' Society.

TAXATION according to the ability to pay! Could anything be more ideal? It is little wonder that the income tax has come to stay, and that statesmen who regarded it as a temporary emergency measure, and looked forward to the day when they could abolish it altogether, lived only to see it mount higher and higher. No one looks for its abolition to-day. And it requires a sanguine spirit even to anticipate a reduction to anything like the pre-war rate. For it certainly is an ideal tax for a democracy, provided you do not probe its results too deeply. Taxation for the other fellow according to what you think is his ability to pay! Nothing could be better. And that is what the income tax means, for there are 20,000,000 electors in this country, and only about two millions and a-half pay income tax. It has long been one of the constitutional maxims of Great Britain that there shall be no taxation without representation; but we are fully committed in these days to the doctrine of representation without taxation. To indirect taxation we are, of course, all subject; but the habit is growing of regarding the income tax payer as the milch cow of the Exchequer, and the vast majority of the people who are anxious to vote money out of his pocket—the amount last year was £375,000,000—have no share at all in paying it.

What is the result? The usual result of spending other people's money; and though under the repressive hand of industrial adversity we have seen some steps taken in the last few months towards economy, the State is still undoubtedly living beyond its means—spending the last penny of its income and drawing rather heavily upon its capital. "Together with the so-called increase of expenditure," Mr. Gladstone once told the House of Commons,

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"there grows up what may be termed a spirit of expenditure, a desire, a tendency prevailing in the country, which, insensibly and unconsciously perhaps, but really, affects the spirit of the people, the spirit of Parliament, the spirit of the public departments, and perhaps even the spirit of those whose duty it is to submit the estimates to Parliament"; and in a letter to Cobden he declared that he seriously doubted whether the spirit of expenditure would ever give place to the old spirit of economy "as long as we have the income tax." In still another passage he wrote, "I am deeply convinced that the facility of recurring to and of maintaining income tax has been a main source of that extravagance in government which I date from the Russian war." At that time, I believe, the income tax stood at fourpence in the pound, and the proportion of electors who paid it was very much greater than it is to-day.

Gladstone certainly saw very clearly when he expressed these views. Since his day expenditure has thriven upon the income tax, and the income tax has grown upon expenditure, till extravagance has in our time become almost a settled policy, for when once it has been given rein it is most difficult to know where and how to check it. There is always a demand, in a democracy such as ours, for more expenditure. This section of the electorate wants this done, and that section wants that; and, after all, if it costs money, all the income tax is paid by two and a-half million people, so what does it matter? If the people who call the tune are not required to pay the piper, it must be expected that in the course of time the piper will be replaced by a full orchestra. There is, in fact, no sense of responsibility.

But the orchestra's salaries? They come to rather a large amount. When tastes were more simple and only a single piper had to be paid it was easy enough; the money came out of surplus income, the margin which a prudent man maintains between receipts and expenditure. But an orchestra's salary is a serious matter. The margin will not meet it; it must be brought into the balance sheet and provision made for it on the expenditure side, to the probable detriment of those who are dancing so merrily to the strains of the music. They will then unconsciously

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begin to pay. So it is with the income tax. There can be no greater illusion than that the two and a-half millions are the only people who suffer by the tax. The others only think they do not pay. In many cases they pay very heavily—by loss of employment. If taxation is so high that trade is adversely affected, that we are handicapped in home and foreign markets in competition with other manufacturing nations who are able to produce more cheaply because they do not have to carry the same burdens, there is not a person in the country who does not suffer from that fact.

It is to be feared that at best we can only look forward to severe taxation for a long period to come. But it is not going to assist the economy which is essential to our commercial recovery that so large a proportion of the electorate should be under the impression that they have no concern with the largest source of State income. We need a greater sense of responsibility in exercising the franchise and in putting pressure upon Parliament. Nothing will give it like paying the bill. At the present time people just above the exemption limits pay very little in income tax. That is right and proper; they are paying according to their means. But many thousands with incomes scarcely less than theirs are paying nothing at all. In my opinion, means ought to be devised by which all but the very poor would contribute to the income tax. This would not mean an extra impost on the working classes. If the widening of direct taxation made for economy in expenditure, as it certainly would, it would cost them no more than the present system, since what they paid in income tax—and their contribution would necessarily be very small—they would save in a reduction of the duties on tea and sugar and beer. Indeed, it would cost them less, in proportion to the measure of its success as an influence towards economy, and it would impress upon the electorate, as indirect taxation cannot adequately do, that personal responsibility for the good government of the State which is one of the duties as well as one of the rights of citizenship.

The Reality of Reparations

By Ernest Remnant

IN 1918 I wrote a series of articles in which I endeavoured to show that reparations on the fullest scale should and could be paid by Germany. My belief in the soundness of the views I then expressed is still unshaken, although events have taken a course which leaves little hope that any adequate sum will be recovered. I will here re-state some of them.

In the early days following the Armistice there was much absurd talk of seizing the gold in German banks, jewellery, objects of art, etc., regardless of the disastrous consequences of destruction of banking credit, and of the small proportion of the total claims which could have been liquidated by such means (perhaps £150,000,000). It was obvious that little could be usefully recovered for a period of at least five years, during which industry and a political system were being re-established. Meanwhile the work of assessing the total claims should have been completed in a calmer atmosphere, undisturbed by demands for payments which, at the moment, were economically impossible; by frantic efforts to resist, in which it was very difficult to distinguish between honesty and dishonesty, or real but temporary inability; and by the inevitable series of surrenders which now threaten to culminate in an ignominious renunciation unless we stand by France, or suffer the even greater humiliation of her success single-handed. One can already imagine the cartoons descriptive of the reluctant Allied vultures being driven from the German lamb. (Had the fortune of war been reversed, I wonder who would have stood between the German eagle and his prey?)

The chaotic problem of reparations, which daily becomes more and more confused by fluctuations in the exchange and the political situation, may be stated shortly in two questions.

Does Germany possess resources adequate to the payment of substantial reparations?

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If so, how could payment be enforced?

If, as I believe, the answer to the first question be in the affirmative, and if, notwithstanding, Germany escape payment, it follows that the true answer to the second question has not been found or followed.

Any conceivable settlement of reparations would require so large a sum that, obviously, it could not be repaid immediately out of existing liquid cash resources, any more than a city could provide itself with a harbour or a water supply by a single levy on its ratepayers.

A national debt may be liquidated over a period of fifty or a hundred years, and the greater part of the English debt incurred during the Napoleonic wars is, in fact, still outstanding as Consols. It is clear, therefore, that the only possible method of dealing with the claim against Germany is to fund it, and to postpone and graduate payment of interest and sinking fund until such time as payment became economically possible. If, after crediting all other forms of reparation in kind or territory, a sum of £3,000,000,000 were funded, bearing interest at 3 per cent., this would be extinguished by sixty-five level annual payments of £105,438,000.

A moment's consideration of our own Budget of nearly £900,000,000 should convince anyone that such an annual payment by Germany for sixty-five years, with, say, five years' grace from the termination of the war, and perhaps some subsequent graduated adjustment of interest and sinking fund, could not have been beyond her powers.

The wealth of a nation consists in her capacity for production measured in population, land, natural resources, manufacturing plant, and transport equipment. Judged by these standards, Germany is one of the wealthiest countries in the world, whether the exchange rate of the mark is 20 or 100,000 to the £. She has, further, the inestimable advantage that her population is hard-working and thrifty and her industrial organisers capable and energetic.

Why, therefore, this demoralisation of her finances pointing to early bankruptcy? Every merchant and manufacturer knows that he depends more upon credit than upon his liquid cash resources. His turnover and commitments, financed upon credit, bank overdrafts, and

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bills, are enormously greater than the sum for which at any given moment he can write a cheque. The bulk of a manufacturer's capital is represented by buildings and plant. Not only are Germany's liquid cash resources severely depleted by the war, but owing to the (largely artificial) conditions which have so depreciated her currency, there is hardly any German in possession of liquid cash who has not managed secretly to transfer much of it to safer keeping abroad. Germans selling their goods abroad leave as much of the proceeds abroad as will enable them just to carry on. Meanwhile the Government pours out a continually increasing stream of paper money, thus further depreciating currency and aggravating the panic. Under these conditions industry may soon become impossible, and the relations of capital and labour, already at danger point, will become past adjustment, until there has been a revolutionary explosion.

Dr. Bonn, Professor of Economics at Berlin University, stated the other day that German real estate had preserved most of its value, an illuminating sidelight upon the difference between real wealth and artificial currency.

Germany's present inability to pay arises from transient causes entirely insufficient to justify permanent remission of her debt. A consideration of vital importance, invariably ignored by the Keynes school of thought, which has hypnotised the world into acceptance of the theory that reparations must be largely abandoned, is that if payment is to be graduated and spread over a long period, the important calculation is the mean ability to pay during that period, and not only at the commencement. With the increase in population, and the increase in productivity resulting from advances in science, it is only reasonable to assume that the production of wealth will have doubled in Germany within thirty years. It did so during the last thirty years, and the rate of scientific progress has not slackened. As soon, moreover, as Russia is released from her nightmare of Bolshevism, she will offer a field for German industrial activity far more valuable than that of the forfeited colonial possessions.

So much for ability to pay under normal conditions. It remains to consider ways and means of enforcement.

Commercial probity has a threefold foundation :

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honour, desire to maintain profitable relations, and law, with its penalties. We may value them in the order stated, but there is no denying that whatever may be the relative weight of the first and second with individuals, the whole fabric of credit would collapse unless it were reinforced by the third. Inasmuch as the individual is less affected in his personal honour as a mere unit in a nation than as a private trader, it is evident that creditor nations can afford to rely less upon honour than upon enforceable penalties. Despite the League of Nations, Burke's dictum that "You cannot indict a nation" carries the consequence that you cannot inflict upon a nation merely legal penalties. Not only is the consideration of honour in a personal sense likely to actuate a very small proportion of the German nation, but, on the contrary, the vast majority actually believe that they are in honour bound to resist and defeat the rapacity of foes whose victory, they are told, was only due to greater numbers and material advantages.

If, then, in addition to the invariable determination of a recalcitrant debtor to evade payment, we have to face a national sense of moral grievance, what hope is there of exacting reparations? I fear very little, since there is but one way open to us, and that quite out of fashion in the England of to-day—the way of force—which I am old-fashioned enough to believe is the easiest and most humane in the end. If we had not believed that we had right on our side, we should not have fought at all. Believing this, there should have been "No parley" about the Armistice, but an insistence, quite within our power, upon unconditional surrender followed by effective military control, not of the Rhine valley, but of the whole of Germany centred at Berlin.

Absolute disarmament would have required only a small, well-armed Allied force to maintain internal order, to ensure the observance of such regulations as the Allied Council might have imposed with a view to restoring normal industrial conditions, and the discharge of Germany's financial obligations. A financial commission such as restored the finances of Egypt would have regulated the creation of paper currency and could have greatly restricted the export of cash. The sober and

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hard-working elements in the population would have been encouraged and protected in their activities, instead of being harassed and plundered by rival groups of capitalists, monarchists, Socialists, and revolutionaries. There is no reason why such financial control, backed by military force, should have prevented the development of legitimate political institutions, to which it would gradually have given place as and when it became evident that government and industry were stabilised, and the means to discharge liability firmly established.

Within perhaps thirty years the population of Germany will have reached 100,000,000, and a reparation debt of £3,000,000,000 bearing 3 per cent. interest would certainly not be an impossible burden for a great industrial nation: averaging roughly £1 a head per annum during its term. (Taxes in Great Britain are £20 a head.) The fact that it would have become a widely distributed international investment security, and that so long as it remained at a discount Germans at home and abroad would largely invest in it, would be the best guarantee against future designs at repudiation.

To the protest against the circumscription of a nation's political freedom I would answer that history records successful precedents; that the civil code prescribes it for individual transgressors and debtors; that I believe the German nation would, under such conditions, have enjoyed greater peace and prosperity; and that in the case of a nation which would have exercised the utmost rights of victory, the homœopathic doctrine, *Similia similibus curantur*, has much to recommend it.

To the alternative protest against the cost involved by such an effective occupation, my answer is that I believe it need not have exceeded the cost of the ineffective occupation of the Rhine, and that, compared with the cost of European military protection against possible renewed attempt at German conquest, which will be the inevitable result of encouraging the hope of evading reparations, it would have been a vast economy.

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The Modern Home (iii)

[A series of four articles contributed by members of the Design and Industries Association, and expressing the views of that body on the planning, decoration, furnishing, and equipment of the modern home.]

Furnishing

By H. P. S.

IN the opening chapters of *Coningsby* there is a description of an interior which those interested in modern furnishing might quote as an example to be avoided.

"A double flight of stairs led into a circular and marble hall, adorned with colossal busts of the Cæsars; the staircase in fresco by Sir James Thornhill breathed with the loves and wars of gods and heroes. It led into a vestibule, painted in arabesques, hung with Venetian girandoles, and looking into gardens. . . . Proceeding some way down a corridor and ascending a few steps a visitor reached a landing place hung with tapestry. Drawing this aside he entered through an antechamber into a small saloon of beautiful proportions and furnished in a brilliant and delicate taste. The walls of the saloon, which were covered with light blue satin, held in silver panels portraits of beautiful women painted by Boucher. Couches and easy chairs of every shape invited in every quarter to luxurious repose; while amusement was afforded by tables covered with caricatures, French novels, and endless miniatures of foreign dancers, princesses, and sovereigns."

A little later in the same chapter a bedroom is described as being characterised by sumptuousness. What could one desire more in a home? It is all there—the Cæsars, Sir James Thornhill, arabesques, Venetian girandoles, loves, wars, gods, heroes, tapestry, light blue satin, silver panels, portraits by Boucher, couches and easy chairs of every shape, French novels, and endless miniatures. And then as to sumptuousness—it may have its place, but somehow it is difficult to believe that England is that place; it recalls fairy tales of the East where the heroines blaze with precious stones, and where household furniture seems to consist entirely of swansdown cushions in assorted colours. Those who are interested in modern furnishing hold that it is possible to furnish a home conveniently and pleasantly without endeavouring to make it look like a museum or

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a palace, and there is a growing demand for surroundings which conform more to our sense of comfort and less to the love of ostentation. There is also a demand for household things which have been planned, designed, or thought out by men who are living to-day rather than by those who died a century ago and who knew nothing of the needs and conditions of the present. If twentieth-century authorship consisted in taking Andrew Marvell's poems, Shakespeare's plays, and the Book of Job, typing them neatly and submitting them to publishers for sale to the public, the proceeding would be parallel with the generally accepted view of twentieth-century furniture designing.

It is quite true that we have escaped from the deplorably low level of fifty or sixty years ago. But we have to look a little later for the origin of the revival of the worship of old models. About forty years ago a few enthusiasts preached against the prevailing ugliness, and talked in and out of season of the wonderful tradition of English furnishing which we had forgotten. There was a marked revival, and the stodginess of mid- and late-Victorian times was displaced, but displaced by copies of old work rather than by new and original designs. The names of eighteenth-century furnishers were constantly heard, to the exclusion of contemporary ones. As a result of this revival there set in the fashion for period furnishing. A detailed study was made of the best work of former periods, and twentieth-century clients were invited to make their homes look as much like those of their ancestors in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries as possible, and, to do the furnishers and their customers justice, they succeeded very well indeed. The country was flooded with antiques, pseudo-antiques, and good reproductions; the characteristics and details of the various periods were carefully observed; the colour schemes were quiet and harmonious; irreproachable Persian rugs were used, and, historically and æsthetically, everything was just about as perfect as it could be. But there was one thing which it emphatically was not, namely, modern furnishing. It was a copy, and a remarkably good copy, of antique furnishing. It was all as safe as the Bank of England, and yet showed the utmost timidity and reluctance on the part of designers and the public to invent or buy anything which departed

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by a hair's breadth from tradition. It is hard to believe that the young bride of 1750 was prepared to content herself with the fashions which prevailed a hundred years before her time; on the contrary, there is plenty of evidence that she relegated to the attic or the cellar the oak and walnut furniture of the previous century; if she were a woman of spirit and fashion, she apparently gave her husband no peace until he had paid a visit to St. Martin's Lane and bought some of the modern things which were then being made by Mr. Chippendale. The astonishing thing is that after a hundred and seventy years we are still going to Mr. Chippendale rather than to those who are breaking new ground to-day.

Meanwhile, furniture design as a living thing is dying for want of a ha'porth of encouragement, literally being buried alive by the high-class furniture trade. Chippendale, Sheraton, and Hepplewhite furniture, Elizabethan panelling and needlework have been copied again and again, and the belief has become current that, apart from Jacobean, Queen Anne, Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, and Adam, there is no furniture at all and never will be. Why is it that the names of eighteenth-century designers are constantly heard and that no one ever mentions the living ones? There are men who are doing original work in the designing of furniture and who will be known and honoured a hundred years hence, but who, unfortunately, receive all too little encouragement owing to the craze for antiques and reproductions of the antique.

Side by side with this fashion for period furnishing, it became easy, owing to the development of machinery, to produce more furniture and infinitely more ornament. It was possible to carve, wave, press, bend, stamp, fret, and mould ornament economically and literally by the mile. The ornamentation on the articles and materials that went to the furnishing of a home followed no definite tradition and was derived from half a hundred different sources absolutely unrelated to each other. If some far-seeing Chancellor of the Exchequer in those days had taxed ornament as a luxury, computing it by the square inch or the square mile, he would have liquidated the National Debt in two or three years.

If this riot of ornament had been merely a distraction

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to the eye, it would have been bad enough; but it was something far worse than that—the disease broke out in the most inopportune places. To sit on a chair and find that the back rail causes discomfort because it is knobbly with carving does not tend to foster an appreciation of either the chair or the carving. There are fire brasses literally dripping with ornamentation which are extraordinarily brazen in the audacity with which they parade their incompetence; to hold them in the hand is uncomfortable, and to move coal with them with any ease is quite impossible. Those which do not fall to pieces prematurely survive in seaside lodging houses as ornaments before the gasfire. The pediment, originally contrived as an essential feature in the building of Greek temples, persists as a mere encumbrance on furniture, in many cases elaborately carved and fretted, and effectively prevents the dusting of the tops of sideboards, bookcases, and wardrobes.

There are many signs of a revulsion of feeling against all this nonsense. New wine is never safe in old bottles, and the host of new ideas and new appliances which scientists are providing do not seem at all comfortable when linked with the old styles. To hide a gramophone in a Jacobean case, or to install a wireless receiving set in a cabinet of Queen Anne design, must strike every thoughtful person as the height of absurdity, but these things are actually being made and sold. And the choice to-day, for those who are sufficiently alive to sense this incongruity, is between gramophones in the period styles, *et hoc genus omne*, and the small but growing amount of modern things which can be found by those who have the will to discover them. For modern furnishing is not only a theory. It is possible to practise it, and credit for this must be given to such pioneers as Gimson, Barnsley, Spooner, Sir Robert Lorimer, George Walton, and a few intelligent and progressive men in the trade, notably Ambrose Heal and Percy Wells, who felt that if they designed and produced modern work, people would appreciate and buy it. And those who are capable of judging between furniture of the past and present on its merits buy the modern work as being quite as beautiful, considerably cheaper, and much more convenient than the antique,

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and spurious antique, pieces which for some curious reason have taken such a hold on the public imagination.

While it is easy to ridicule the wrong kind of furnishing, it is not so easy to specify the right kind. But there is plenty of evidence of the spirit which animates it. It is the spirit which is abroad among the younger folk in politics, in literature, and in art, which utterly despises humbug and shams, and which prides itself on looking at problems anew, and looking at them as they really are. Many modern couples, about to marry, realise that Queen Anne and the brothers Adam are dead, and refuse to allow even these great ones to decide just how they shall furnish their houses or flats. These young people are alive and very sure that they want sunshine and light, an absence of stuffiness and overcrowding, simplicity as opposed to complexity; and they want real convenience, which means, among other things, that the young housewife shall not be enslaved by her belongings. Your typical modern also demands the bright colours of which we have all been afraid since the Puritans had their way, and abhors anything which suggests ostentation. But let us be quite clear that a house that is ostentatiously simple and severe is just as foolish and mannered as a house that is ostentatiously sumptuous. The advocates of modern furniture are not preaching a gospel of gracelessness, and, if proof of this is needed, it is to be found in the fact that modern cabinet-work, with its fine proportions, is quite at home in the most distinguished surroundings. The best modern furniture has a well-bred appearance, and, like a well-bred person, may mix in any society. A house which is furnished in such a way as to be startling in its originality may be amusing in an ephemeral way, but there is no prospect that it will please for any length of time. The things of which we never tire have that essential quality of homeliness the British people love so much; they are simple things, never obtruding their cleverness and never secretly annoying us on account of the endless labour entailed in keeping them clean.

During the past few years the kitchen also has been absolutely transformed, and if superior people are tempted to ask why the kitchen should be dragged into a dissertation on modern furnishing, the reply surely is that many

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superior people are compelled in the present circumstances to make much more than a nodding acquaintance with a kitchen.

Life with its railways and telegraphs, its newspapers and receiving sets, becomes increasingly complex, and in modern furnishing the wise ones are providing themselves with a contrast: quiet, sane surroundings and useful, pleasant things which look as though someone had taken a little thought and pride in making them for the service and pleasure of his fellow-creatures. It is not suggested that those whose fortunes are of comparatively recent date will be attracted by modern furniture; they apparently feel that none of their friends will find them interesting as men and women, and so endeavour to amuse them by their possessions, and the price of the "genuine" antique, which neither they nor their visitors like, is somehow or other always dragged into the conversation. And so very old and dead things tyrannise over very new people. It is the love of security which is responsible for their attachment to labels. Parrot-wise they pick up a few words—old Sheffield plate, Chelsea porcelain, or Tudor panelling, and the thought and life of their own day and generation has no meaning at all for them.

There is another side of the question which is equally important. The faithful copying of old models calls for a certain skill, but it does not make any demands on the inventive powers or initiative of those who spend their lives in doing such work. Continual copying means gradual decay. If the designers of the past are patronised to the total exclusion of the twentieth-century men, sooner or later our capacity for producing original work will be altogether lost.

Capek Looks at the World

By Horace Shipp

WHEN the theatre takes upon itself its age-long function of moralising, we permit the impertinence only upon condition that there is a laugh with the lesson or a thrill in the method. So to every satirist from Aristophanes to Shaw society turns the other cheek, and responds with its plaudits to the warnings of any Jeremiah who successfully cries "Woe, woe," from the theatrical house-tops.

Karel Capek has taken his place among the prophets and purgers of society. In his own native city of Prague, in Berlin, in New York, and now in London, his two fine plays, *R.U.R.* and *The Insect Play*, have found their public and established his reputation and that of his brother. Nor is this success the bubble achievement of chance popularity, but rather the lasting support of the better-class reading and theatre-going public. Capek (already sufficiently an institution to dispense with Christian names) brings to his task an unusual equipment. Still a young man in the early thirties, he has already a literary reputation as essayist, poet, short-story writer, and journalist; added to this is the fact that he is essentially a man of the theatre, having been for a period Director of the National Theatre at Prague and leaving it only to run his own theatre in that city. Most important of all, he is equipped with a post-war mind, and it is that mental quality which, in my belief, endows his work with permanence and significance. It is curiously rare. Throughout drama, literature, and art one finds again and again the artists trying to think in terms of a pre-1914 mentality, preoccupied with the little personal issues, concerned with "the little lovers that whine and cry." Here and there, however, there is a realisation that the war was the end of an epoch; that we are now faced with the necessity of spiritual and economic stock-taking, and a re-valuation of all our values. Tragedy is no longer personal: nations, principalities and powers, and civilisation itself are the

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protagonists; comedy is no more a drawing-room joke: its laughter shakes a tottering society to its foundation.

In the theatre we have had little enough reflection of the changed conditions of thought, but here and there a play rises built upon fundamentals. Shaw's *Heartbreak House*, Toller's *Masse Mensch* and *The Machine Wreckers*, C. K. Munro's *The Rumour*, Zangwill's trilogy, Halcott Glover's historical plays—these things are the work of men who realise that whilst mankind may remain the same as ever, the enormous change of conditions and testing of values which the war demanded must give a new direction to the human mind confronted by its new problems. The new drama is concerned with the wood; the old saw only the trees. That is not to say that the new is to be a de-humanised drama, for on the stage the greatest study remains the same. But it is based upon some wider outlook: problems of the personal only, affairs of pearl necklaces and domestic relationships are too petty for its attention. They are like people looking for a lost shilling during an air raid.

Of this new type of dramatist the Brothers Capek are shining examples, and we are thankful to Nigel Playfair and to Basil Dean for the opportunity of seeing here in London the now world-famous plays. Both are fundamentally uncomfortable plays and would be almost unendurable in the theatre were it not for the fact that their authors have mastered stage technique so well that we are kept constantly amused and interested. Or, in the case of *R.U.R.* it would be more true, perhaps, to say terrified; for alongside its uncanny menace the thrill-drama of the *Cat and Canary* type becomes childish. The story of the play is now familiar—the making of the emotionless, soulless automata of flesh and blood to perform the work of the world; of their universal use as workers, and—fatal error—as soldiers; of the decline of human birth and the eventual revolt of the Robots against their human masters; the last terrible stand of mankind in the Robot-maker's house; and then that frantic search for the secret of their manufacture so that civilisation should not perish, with the *Nunc Dimittis* of the last man left alive when a Robot and a Robotess find love and passion awakening in them. Until we saw Brember Wills getting every ounce of

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dramatic value out of that final scene, one did not realise that race annihilation could be so terribly and so personally tragic a thing.

But it is not only that *R.U.R.* is a big theme; it is a big theatre piece. None but a dramatist who knew the theatre thoroughly would have conceived the magnificent scene between the manager's wife and the revolting Robot, nor that vigil before the lamp whose burning signified that the electric plant was still working and the besieged humans were safe; that shrill whistle which meant the end of all things; nor that last scene, dramatically fine, in spite of its mild sentimentality. The acting and production at the St. Martin's are worthy of the play. Leslie Banks' playing as Radius the Robot is a creation which places him in the very first rank of actors; it demanded a new technique for its presentation and Mr. Banks provided it. Then, too, the play brought back Ada King to the London stage, and, although we could wish for more of her than the few minutes' appearance, her power is unmistakable. *R.U.R.* gave Mr. Basil Dean an opportunity for a wise use of his new lighting system, and his creation of the world beyond the windows by this means is excellent. Its final suffusion by the roseate dawn proved telling symbolism.

What is Capek saying in this parable? Seeing it, one finds meaning beyond meaning unfolding. Its indictment of our machine humanity; its demand for a real idealism; its re-valuation of the human soul; its warning against so much in our war-made, war-weary world—truly a purging by pity and terror and a tract for the times.

The Insect Play is of surprisingly different *genre*, and yet it so certainly comes from the same source. Its easy symbolism and amusing fantasy make it a kindergarten exposition of the same lesson. Look to your paths, O Israel! Whilst one play utters its jeremiads against a soulless creed of super-efficiency lacking any god in earth or heaven, the other cries out against our thoughtless self-seeking as individuals and as mass mind. Somehow it contrives to be quite delightful, yet it is all but the most pessimistic play that has ever been staged. It is post-war despair. The really desperate thing that Capek has to say is that it is our short-sighted truth to our ideals which is wrong. Thus when Basil Rathbone as Domain in

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R.U.R. expounds his idealistic reasons for making the Robots, he might be speaking for some idealistic society with H. G. Wells in the chair; and when his wife, moved to pity, wants to give them souls, and the physiologist Gall, aiming at perfection, *gives* them souls, we know that as well-meaning people we should approve and advocate these disastrous courses.

In *The Insect Play* we are brought face to face with the same philosophy. True, in the first act of cocktail bars and fluttering hearts and wings we have only a world of light-headed and light-hearted fools, but in the second act the knife drives a little deeper. Mr. and Mrs. Beetle are quite well-meaning creatures. They roll their ball of dirt with all the platitudes concerning thrift which graced our copybooks; and the Ichneumon Fly is full of fine-sounding phrases as to fatherly love, family affection, opportunity, and the need of realising that "Life is real, life is earnest." The third act is an orgy of the pious sentiments which have ruined the world. It is bitter satire; every line is barbed. At this point the theme has drawn near to that of *R.U.R.*, and Capek's shafts are sent flying against the machine-conquered world and the perverted altruism of an "all for each, each for all" gospel. It is an excellent sign that Capek, from the heart of that country which, with Poland, is suffering most from the swelled-head and growing pains of adolescent nationalism, should see through the sham of it. Again the virtue comes from his post-war mind, which is big-visioned enough to realise that "patriotism is not enough," and that inflated nationalism belongs to the nineteenth century.

This Insect parable of the world we live in, despite the charm and fascination of its telling, has no solution to offer. The Mayfly, who throughout the play is yearning for birth and breathing of all she will do, of the message she has to give, dies after a brief dance in the sun. And the Tramp who has played Greek chorus dies too. We are left with a rose dropped on the lips of death, and the meaningless laughter of the Snail.

Were it not dealing with insects, the play would be almost unbearably tragic. Capek, the moralist, knows his business. He knows, too, that the theme may be presented as a fascinating spectacle of light, colour, and form,

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a theatre-piece that will rivet attention to the stage, a play where skilfully manipulated conflict is never absent; and with the company at the Regent Theatre, and the artistic aid of Doris Zinkeisen's settings and costumes, this dream play becomes in stage fact a thing of joy and beauty.

Again Capek was well served by his English producer and the company. The changing scheme of the play does not give much chance to individual actors, but one feels certain that in no foreign production of this piece has Maire O'Neill's performance been bettered, nor have the Crickets been more sprightly or charming than Andrew Leigh and Angela Baddeley made them. The play also introduces to a theatre audience the work of Elsa Lanchester. In *The Insect Play* we have an exquisite glimpse of her dancing in the Butterfly scene, and a few minutes in Act Two when, as the Larva, she has the courage of a piece of really repulsive character acting. It would be unfair to notice the play without mention of the music which Frederick Austin has written for it. He could so easily have overwritten his work, or sentimentalised or sugared the writing of Capek, but his contribution was always an aid and never a hindrance.

These two plays, and the chance luck of their simultaneous production in London, give us an excellent introduction to the young Czecho-Slovakian producer, and only the misfortune of ill-health prevented us from having Capek himself here. We wait for new plays from that incisive intellect. His latest is said to deal with the Methuselan theme; but Capek's conclusions on the subject differ, one learns, from those of Shaw. It is the duty of Capek, having given us furiously to think in the theatre, and started this process of

"Deep questioning which probes to endless dole,"

to apply that same analytic mind to constructive thought. He has our ear, for moralist and philosopher though he be, he has not forgotten the first principles of his art as playwright and theatre-man. And he has his own clear vision of the world—a vision aloof from the paltriness of personality, of parochialism and of patriotism; a vision cleansed by the war and not muddled by the war-filled peace; a vision of a young man who has drunk deep of the old wisdom.

“The Perfect Fool”

By Alfred Kalisch

THE unexpected always happens. No one would have predicted a year ago that the British National Opera Company would have started its season with an opera of a native composer, and still less would one have foretold that that composer would be Mr. Holst; and least of all that he would be the librettist of an opera which, to use his own words, is “in a vein of high comedy.” That *The Perfect Fool* will interest and puzzle musicians may be taken for granted—what the general public will think of it is still problematical.

To judge from the conversations heard at the Opera House after the curtain fell at the first performance, a great many people were anxious to show their own cleverness by reading into the simple story which Mr. Holst has invented all kinds of deep and subtle meanings. Two very poetical young gentlemen pretended to see in it an allegory of the state of British music, but they could not agree between themselves whether the Perfect Fool was Native Art, which remained asleep and deaf to the blandishments of the public (the Princess), or whether he was the British public, which is wooed in vain by Native Art. The only thing Mr. Holst himself has told us about it is that *The Perfect Fool* is not *Parsifal*. But many things happen in the course of the hour and a half's traffic on the stage which cannot fail to recall Wagner's last work.

The whole opera suggests many reflections as to the nature of musical parody generally. Whether it is the composer's intention or not, it is just the passages in which he makes fun of other music that principally dwell in the memory. His imitations of the Wanderer in *Siegfried*, with allusions to *Tristan* and direct imitation of a Wagnerian melody with an “essential turn” are clear enough, nor can there be any doubt as to his meaning in the footnote added to the vocal score, that the rest of the

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Traveller's remarks "are drowned by the orchestra." The principal song of the Troubadour is, we are told on good authority, designed to be Sullivanesque, but several commentators have seen in it reflections of Donizetti; and probably most of us, who had had no semi-official intimation of Mr. Holst's ideas, might easily have said the same.

Here we come across one of the dangers besetting the path of the musical parodist. If he is subtle, it is very easy to mistake his intention; if he is direct, he is almost compelled to resort to mere transcription, and then people say that any student could have done it. But it is not every student who could have worked in several Wagnerian ideas as cleverly as Mr. Holst has done in the music which accompanies the Traveller.

The Love Music of the Princess is extremely charming. Indeed, one might say that it is the only passage in which sensuous pleasure seems to have been the whole aim. Here again one might be forgiven for asking oneself whether here Mr. Holst is most himself, or whether he wishes to suggest that this is the way in which Debussy might have set the passage. Similarly, one may be forgiven for inquiring whether some of the abrupt short thematic phrases given out by the muted trumpets, or by the instruments which live and have their being in the lowest octaves, are really Holst or are disrespectful imitations of the modern Russians.

Be this as it may, there is a good deal of undoubted Holst in the score. A fondness for five-four and seven-four rhythms, although it is a feature of modern Russian music also, is characteristic of Holst always. His rhythmic outline is very much his own, and has a true British solidity about it which should appeal to all his fellow-countrymen, and the excellently four-square architecture of his big *ensembles* is another thing which betrays his nationality.

People will naturally ask, "Is it dramatic?" and nine people out of ten will expect (since it is British music) the answer, "No." It would, however, be the wrong answer, in so far as we consider the big choral *ensembles*, especially those sung during the approach of the conflagration, and that which follows the death of the Wizard. The Love Music of the Princess also has dramatic appro-

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priateness, but one cannot say "Yes" with equal confidence with regard to the rest of the music for the soloists. The dramatic impulse, however, which comes from the orchestra is undoubtedly strong.

On paper, the carefully prepared anti-climax at the end looks admirable, but its effect in actual performance is not so happy. Here again one wonders whether Mr. Holst wished to show up the wrong-headedness of the ultra-moderns who deny the value of musical climax, and chaff the "thoughtful" librettist whose aim is not to be understood. If so, he has done his own work some little injury for the sake of proving his theory.

I have tried not so much to tell readers how they ought to make up their minds on this work, as to indicate the problems which they should try to decide for themselves.

The Interpretation of Beethoven, Weingartner and Lamond

By Alfred Kalisch

IT has for some generations been accepted as a platitude of criticism that the two composers who are the most difficult to interpret, and whom it is, or should be, the highest task of the artist to elucidate, are Bach and Beethoven. Both have been presented to us in turn as pedantic professors, whose single aim it was to solve technical problems in the handling of thematic material. We have been asked to believe that their works were a mere series of mechanical difficulties, and at the other end of the scale they have been transformed for our benefit and to their detriment into victims of hysteria and ill-regulated emotions. Of the two, Bach has perhaps suffered most, because his idiom is more remote from our time, and the mean between the two extremes of bloodlessness and hyperæmia was apparently impossible to find until some interpreter appeared on the horizon, to whom there seemed to be no such problem, and then the world wondered why it ever thought of a problem.

One can recall things like Joachim's performance of the "Chaconne," some performances of the Violin Concertos by Kreisler, and now last, not least, the admirable playing of Bach on the piano by Mr. Harold Samuel.

Similarly, we have had the interpretation of the Symphonies of Beethoven by Richter, where every detail seemed to fall into its proper place, and one thought nothing of the details of the perfectly proportioned structure, which seemed to develop at the command of imperious inner necessity, as we listened. Here we had intellectuality of the highest order, but intellectuality transformed by the glow of passion. Both the head and the heart were concerned and there was perfect harmony between them. There was no neglect of detail, but one thought of them merely as parts of the great whole. Sensuous beauty was not the main aim of Richter, but he

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achieved it through his perfect realisation of all the other elements which go to make greatness in music.

A complete contrast in many ways was Nikisch, whose first thought in dealing with any music that came under his hand was to extract from it every ounce of charm and beauty that was in it. He realised that the only way to reach his goal was not to neglect the claims of orderliness and proportion. His sinuous contours often gave the impression of grandeur as forcibly as Richter's austere outline.

At the time when they were acknowledged the greatest of interpreters, there was a third and younger conductor, whom many placed on the same level and some even above them, and that was Felix Weingartner. It was said of him that he had the strength of Richter, the elegance of Nikisch, and a rhythmic impulse of his own. He suggested the master athlete, lithe in every movement and trained to the hour.

There was some years ago a memorable week of concerts given in London, when it was possible to hear all three interpret the Symphonies of Beethoven in the course of one week. An eloquent writer said that if Richter was the great Olympian, Nikisch might be the Apollo and Weingartner the swift-footed Mercury of the Conductors' Pantheon. I myself at the time employed a more homely simile, which perhaps I may venture to reproduce, as I have seen it more than once quoted, not without approval. I remarked that if the Muse of Nikisch were the most fascinating mistress, the Muse of Weingartner was the noblest of spouses. It is, perhaps, almost a logical sequel of what has been said, that it was in the Fifth and Ninth Symphonies that Richter was most himself; that Nikisch was most eloquent in the varied emotions of the Eroica, and Weingartner the most irresistible in the Seventh, which is the very apotheosis of rhythm, although there was true greatness in the interpretations by all three of all the nine Symphonies.

Till Weingartner came at the end of May more than a decade had passed since his last appearance in this country. By the time these lines appear in print the musical public will have had an opportunity of judging how far the course of time has affected his art.

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As Weingartner may now be accounted the greatest Beethoven interpreter with the orchestra, so Mr. Lamond is recognised as the Beethoven player *par excellence* on the piano. Of him, fortunately, we have had more opportunities to form judgments in recent years.

It throws, by the way, a curious light on the North German assumption of superiority in all musical matters, that of these four musicians two were Hungarians, the third is a Dalmatian, and the fourth a Scot. The acknowledged master of Beethoven interpretation twenty years ago was d'Albert, another Scot.

One wonders what there is in Beethoven that is peculiarly akin to the Scottish temperament. One feels tempted to say that it is the metaphysical element, for the Scotch were always the world's metaphysicians. When one has allowed due weight to all that there is in Beethoven, the melody, the romance, the architectonic power, there still remains an elusive something, impossible to describe, but not difficult to feel, which is his and his alone, and that is his power at his greatest moments of stimulating the deeper, or what for want of a better word one may call our other-worldly feelings. It is a matter not of intellect only, or of emotion alone, but results from a blend of the two which one finds in no other music. It is most marked, perhaps, in the later Piano Sonatas, and it is his gift of bringing it home to us that makes Mr. Lamond's Beethoven playing so remarkable. There are many pianists, and good pianists too, in whose hands the Slow Movement of the Hammerklavier Sonata seems somewhat dull; but Mr. Lamond always succeeds in making it a great outpouring of the inmost emotions, and, more than that, when one has heard him play it, one comes away wondering why one has ever thought it hard to grasp or too long. Similarly, one cannot think of any pianist who can make the opening of the C Minor Sonata (Op. 111) so tremendously strong without brutality. There are others who make it sound like the angry exclamations of a drill sergeant: it should be like a great soul expressing indomitable resolution.

Nothing has been said here about technique. It has been taken for granted that the only artist who deserves to be called great is he who is its master and not its servant.

Economics of Housing

By Lt.-Col. D. C. McLagan, D.S.O.

IN the building trade the system by which private enterprise supplied all our housing requirements held good until 1910, when a partial set-back was experienced by the imposition of legislation which placed a restriction on the fruits of private enterprise. The essential service of capital to our well-being in this industry was thus interfered with to the extent of shaking the confidence of its owners in the security of investment in house property. As a result the annual average number of houses built from 1910 to 1914 fell to 65,000 from the previous quinquennial average of over 100,000. The abnormal increase of our population owing to stoppage of emigration and the cessation of house building for national reasons during the war provided a deficit estimated at half a million houses in 1918, which presented an industrial as well as a moral problem for the consideration of the community. If the line taken with regard to all other industries at the close of the war had been followed in the building trade, private enterprise would have found available a free and unfettered market in which to exercise its normal functions. Rightly or wrongly, however, the Government declined to repeal the Rent Restriction Act, enacted in 1915, which applied peculiarly to war-time conditions, and by the continuance of its provisions with arbitrary amendments created an artificial market where prices had no relation to cost. By inference it was assumed that because this Act did not apply to post-war houses, new producers would find the same free market which other industries enjoyed. So long, however, as pre-war houses were controlled by legislation the uncertainty alongside which confidence cannot live prevented the necessary flow of capital to new production. This state of matters still continues and will persist until the Rent Act is repealed. The repeal of the Act at the earliest possible moment is recognised as correct in principle, but owing to the number of those paying rent so

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largely exceeding those who receive rent, it can hardly be expected that politicians will remove the barriers to private enterprise at the price of their own fall. Nevertheless, the day of reckoning is only postponed. The new proposal is to extend the period of the Act till 1925, when a definite end will be made to its existence, but what justification is there for the belief that circumstances will have changed by that date, or that a Government will then exist whose courage will exceed its political discretion? The deficit of 500,000 in 1918 *plus* the low average of 60,000 for the seven years from 1919 to 1925 makes a total building requirement of 920,000, of which approximately 200,000 have so far been provided. Is it contemplated that even another 200,000 will be built by 1925? If not, our 1918 deficit will still be with us, and the flippant assurance of changed circumstances at that date is not founded on reality. A highly fictitious state of matters has, in fact, been created, and the mass of the people has been deluded into believing it was done in the public interest. In fact, the people still believe that the continuance of the Rent Act in approximately its present form spells their salvation, as witness the newspaper agitation which greeted the recommendations of the recent Housing Committee.

Again, the Government in 1919 entered the industrial arena and offered subsidies with a view to obtaining houses, thus emphasising the artificial nature of the market and dealing this time with post-war houses. In this way another section of the industry was brought under "control," to the exclusion of private enterprise. If the control and subsidy system had succeeded in providing the necessary houses, the method adopted might have been accepted as a necessary expedient for the moment, but unfortunately it has not done so. Not only has it not squared the deficit estimated in 1918, but it has not even overtaken the normal requirements of new houses for the years since that date. Not satisfied with the previous exhibition of failure and monumental cost, the present Government has gone further in on the same lines, and is now living in hopes of houses resulting. However successful this second effort may be, it is still wrong in principle, and the ordinary investor and speculative builder are excluded for a minimum of twenty years. The building industry is the only one now con-

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trolled in this manner, and it is the only one in which the market shows a constant demand which cannot be met. It is a vivid illustration of interference having a Socialist tendency, which, attempting to "produce for use," places the cost of its operations on the remainder of private enterprise and fails to produce the article required to more than an infinitesimal extent.

The original Government scheme was estimated to cost the Exchequer £12 a house, but the actual cost worked out between £50 and £60 per house. In all probability, over £200,000,000 has been spent in providing about 200,000 houses. By curtailing the scheme to 176,000 houses under municipal grants, and nearly 40,000 under private grants, the future liability was limited to about £9,000,000 per annum. The immediate effect of this stoppage in the flow of public money was to bring prices down by half, and we have it on good authority that workmen increased output and accepted smaller wages, and employers charged less and were content with less profit. Can the moral be pointed more exactly?

It must be acknowledged that the Government's policy, which has resulted so disastrously, was adopted with a certain moral object in view. Primarily the shortage of houses bore very hardly on certain sections of the community, and over-crowding brought many evils in its train. It was realised that a great effort must be made to provide the necessary accommodation as soon as possible, and Government action was the method which political pressure and expediency demanded. It is easy to be wise after the event, and thus it is a pity that a new Government should again have been driven down the same road with the previous experience to profit by. That the pressing needs of all sections of the people will never be met satisfactorily by such methods has not yet been realised by those who dictate policy; but ignorance of its consequences cannot indefinitely excuse political interference with industry to the detriment of the community at large.

It is too much to expect politicians to face a storm again when the Rent Act is due to terminate in 1925, and unless it is to continue indefinitely it must meantime be brought into touch with the market. The only way out is to increase the permissive percentage in the Act gradually

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each year, so that economic competition will cut into it at the natural point and the Act will become a back number in course of time. Probably sixty per cent. would represent the highest point necessary once the withdrawal of Government interference were definitely decided upon.

So far as subsidies are concerned, we shall have to realise that the houses required can never be provided by private enterprise in competition with schemes financed with public money. If this is acquiesced in, the future will be left to tell its tale, as it has done in regard to the legislative experiments of 1909-10. The main object of good statesmanship is to encourage every man to purchase his own house, thus making for stability and encouraging a natural ambition. A difficulty to be overcome, however, is the provision of capital to enable a purchase to be financed. Societies exist in considerable numbers which provide what money is required up to a recognised percentage of the market value of the property. In view of the inflated prices at present ruling, however, this market value is a figure considerably below the cost of production and, therefore, the purchase price. There is no necessity for the Government to provide the difference, thus charging the general body of the taxpayers. They only need to guarantee the difference to the societies, who would then be encouraged to advance the amount required. The price of a guarantee is a trifle compared with the price of a subsidy, and any money advanced would be reproductive and would return in course of time.

Such a guarantee should cover facilities for payment by instalments as building proceeds, thus stimulating an immediate purchase by removing known obstacles. The power to give guarantees contained in the Housing Bill is merely a side line and is overshadowed by the subsidy provisions which form the main theme of the proposed enactment. The case of individuals or societies requiring guarantees will have too minor a position alongside municipal schemes under subsidy, which are always more attractive to administer. If the subsidy cannot be dropped entirely, it should be reserved for specially difficult cases and the guarantee method should be promoted into the primary position. The conjunction of the building society, purchaser, and guarantor would

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soon check the high price of building by creating a well-financed demand at a price in a market free from subsidies and artificial restraints.

The attack on all forms of property which is developing has succeeded where house property is concerned, and there will be a great struggle before the grip will be released. Now, however, is the time for public opinion to demand that all investors who encourage the provision of the houses so urgently required should be secure in the knowledge that the fruits of their labour will not be taken from them.

The Jewish Method of Slaughter

A REJOINDER TO THE DUCHESS OF HAMILTON

By Leonard Hill, M.B., F.R.S.

(Director of Physiology, National Institute of Medical Research)

THE Duchess of Hamilton's attack on the Jewish method of slaughtering animals is one calculated to raise prejudice. At the same time it is based on inaccurate observation and wrong deduction. It is an attack no less inaccurate and prejudiced than those frequently made on medical men who carry out scientific experiments on animals by leading anti-vivisectionists, one of whom accompanied her on the visit to the Islington slaughterhouse.

There is nothing, so far as I know, which absolves a Duchess, any more than one less exalted in rank, from the impartial examination of scientific evidence before making an attack in a public journal on a matter in which, judging by her article, she can have gained, through professional training, no adequate knowledge. A slaughterhouse is a horrible place to a sensitive nature, whatever method of slaughter be used, and it is easy to arouse prejudice by descriptions of the scene therein, and by erroneous deductions made from observations of the movements made by the slaughtered animals after loss of consciousness. To the ignorant any sign of movement, and, in particular, movements which appear "purposive" in character, are taken as conclusive evidence of feeling, and yet we know that the body of even a decapitated animal will make such movements. If loss of blood be prevented in such a body, the functions of the organs of the body and co-ordinated movements, which are called reflex movements and appear to the uninitiated "purposive" in type, can be studied, and yet, all the time the head is off, the brain destroyed, consciousness lost, and the animal as a whole obviously dead.

Several years ago I made a special study of the cerebral circulation, and later inquired into the methods of

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slaughtering at a time when the Jewish method was called into question by an Admiralty Committee.

All the evidence shows that complete cessation of blood-flow in the brain immediately abolishes consciousness in man, whether this be brought about by sudden compression of the carotid arteries in the neck, cutting of these arteries, or pressure applied to the brain. The very name "carotid" betokens the sleep which the ancients knew could be produced by compression of those arteries in a goat. Boys who accidentally kill themselves by playing at hanging do so because the pressure of the rope on these arteries suddenly deprives them of consciousness, and then they die of asphyxia, the weight of the unconscious body compressing the windpipe. Similarly it is very dangerous to breathe deoxygenated air because the loss of consciousness from want of oxygen is sudden and no warning sign is given. The brain loses its highest function, viz., consciousness, instantly on deprivation of oxygen, while all the lower functions of the nervous system and other organs continue to act for some time.

Now the Jewish method of slaughter consists in the sudden cutting of the neck right back to the bone, including the carotid arteries and jugular veins, the highly trained official using a very sharp knife. At once the whole of the blood is spilt out of the brain, and consciousness is abolished. No death could be more merciful, taking into account the fact that the animal, unlike man, has no knowledge or fear of impending death.

The death is as quick and merciful as that inflicted on murderers by hanging, and to them, of course, the whole agony is in the advancing fear of a death which is dated and timed in its occurrence, and known to the victim.

It is a certain fact that big injuries give no sense of pain at the moment of their infliction. This, long well known to surgeons, was abundantly proved in the Great War; men fight on, not knowing of their hurts. So, too, those who have cut their throats and recovered say they felt no sense of pain in the act of cutting. A horse can be bled from the jugular vein, if a sharp knife is used to make the necessary incision, while it quietly eats untethered at its manger; it does not feel the cut. The convulsive movements made by an animal after the brain

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has been suddenly deprived of blood are caused by the excitation of the lower nervous centres by the sudden deprivation of oxygen. Such movements may be induced in man by compression of one carotid artery. I have done this on myself and have felt, to my astonishment, my arm making up and down movements and striking the arm of the chair. Of the nervous impulsion to movement I was wholly unconscious. All I felt was the arm rhythmically hitting the chair, and the feeling of faintness induced by cutting off half the blood brought to the brain by the carotid arteries.

As to the immediate cessation of the blood flow in the brain when the carotid arteries were cut, I proved that this was so in the case both of unanæsthetised calves and goats. The blood pressure in the peripheral end of the carotid artery, that is the end in direct connection with the arteries in the brain, fell almost to zero in a second or two after cutting both carotids, a proof that the blood flow in the brain had ceased within that period. It has been asserted that the vertebral arteries might convey blood to the brain and maintain consciousness after the cutting of the carotids. This cannot be so, for in the ox and the sheep the vertebral arteries do not supply the brain, but the muscles of the head.

Before cutting the throat by the Jewish method the animal is cast. A tackle is adjusted to three of the feet as soon as the animal enters the slaughterhouse. By hauling on this tackle the animal is made to roll over on to a floor on which according to the latest plan a large, thick mattress is placed.

According to the evidence of Mr. Openshaw, Consulting Surgeon to the London Hospital, confirmed by *post-mortem* examination, no bruising is produced by this operation, which is one so surprising to the animal that it cannot have any cognisance of the intentions of the slaughterer. A new method of casting has lately been introduced by Mr. J. R. Hayhurst, Chief Veterinary Inspector at the Metropolitan Cattle Market. The development of this will still further lessen any discomfort caused by the operation.

After the casting the head is at once pulled back so as to stretch the throat, and then the Jewish official, who

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is a highly trained and conscientious individual, cuts the throat with one momentary sweep, and all is over. Some years ago, I carefully observed the slaughtering of a large number of animals by the Jewish and non-Jewish methods, both at Deptford and at Birkenhead. The Jewish method appeared to me humane and most certain and rapid in execution, especially in the case of wild and restive animals. The method of shooting by a free bullet is admittedly too dangerous to use in slaughterhouses.

In the case of the captive-bolt, the head has to be fixed before the bolt is shot into the skull. This fixation is difficult, and only possible in restive animals by roping them down. This particularly applies to animals imported alive, which come off the ships in a state wilder and more restless than that of home-grown oxen.

By proper organisation all sight of slaughtered animals might be removed before the next victim is brought in, but I would add that I very carefully watched the behaviour of animals when brought into the slaughterhouse, and reached the conclusion that they were wholly ignorant of the death of their companions, whose bodies lay just dead, or cut up within their sight and smell. They were terrified of moving men, particularly of men moving in the shadows, and of being hustled by men this way and that. If no moving men were in sight they stood peacefully, and, I feel sure, oblivious of what, to sensitive humans, was the horror of the surroundings.

The Duchess of Hamilton has no justification for transferring her feelings of horror and consciousness of death, gained by spoken and written knowledge, to the beasts of the field.

Our Pillory

Mr. Garvin and the Bolsheviks

THE Press and the platform are admittedly the two greatest instruments which exist for moulding opinion. Therefore the need that they should mould opinion aright is of absolutely primary importance. But what in this connection is "right" and what is "wrong"? Opinions differ, and no wise person would even wish them always to agree. For out of the clash of many minds we must all hope that true wisdom may emerge. Yet in order that this desirable result may accrue, the necessity is plain that some degree of trained judgment and of analysing power should be applied to arguments which are fallacious and to reasoning which is absurd.

Now contentions and logic, to which such epithets certainly apply, appear constantly in print, while the much-to-be-desired corrective is rarely bestowed. Thus is public opinion perpetually being misled. Hence—since one newspaper seldom comments on the utterances of another (though there have been some gallant exceptions to this rule), the want is urgent of direct effort to examine analytically, in some instances at least, the pabulum provided by the Press for the people, or placed on the public table by a vote-angling politician.

This, then, is a function which we hope to discharge in THE ENGLISH REVIEW. Each month we shall place in our pillory some deliverance of a scribe or of a speaker and, taking it carefully to pieces, proceed to deal faithfully with it. In essaying this task, we believe that we shall be doing something which may be of real value to the community, for though the demonstrations of our purpose must be very limited in number, no writer or talker can be sure that his lucubration may not be the subject selected for comment. One man with a pistol, observes Sir Walter Scott in *Waverley*, may be a match for a hundred devoid of that weapon, since, though only one person can be shot, nobody can be certain that he may not

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be that happy individual. Similarly, it is possible that the thought of undergoing a species of subsequent judicial investigation may have a deterrent effect upon some journalists who hitherto have poured out unreason from the windy recesses of their minds, secure in the belief that it will live but for a day, and that no one will ever point out its obvious weakness. In like manner, perhaps, some orators may be induced to be a little more careful as to the emission of nonsense.

Thus designing, we will take now as our first topic of interest the wondrous exclamations of *The Observer* concerning Lord Curzon's intimation to the Moscow murderers that there is a limit even to the patience of England.

Mr. Garvin, the editor of the journal named, has been said somewhat to resemble the late Louis XIV., since, as that monarch was the State, so is he *The Observer*. And the joy of reading him is perennial, in that you never know what he will say next. "I always have coffee for breakfast," remarked a youth living in lodgings, "because of the delirious excitement every morning of wondering what it will taste like." Even so, from a like motive, there are those who read Mr. Garvin, Sunday by Sunday. He is, indeed, the chameleon of politics, for, wearing, like Joseph, a coat of many colours, he changes their hue at will.

Thus Mr. Garvin began journalistic life, so to speak, as a Home Ruler. Then, his convictions suffering a sea change, he converted himself into a most ardent and determined Unionist.

In the months before the Great War veiled with its red gleam all minor disputes; in the days when Mr. Winston Churchill was planning the destruction of Belfast and the massacre of the men of Ulster, Mr. Garvin weekly spent himself in fiery eloquence concerning the iniquity of the Government's Irish policy. If words could kill, he would have slain Home Rule. But when, later, that exalted triumvirate, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and Lord Birkenhead, conspired to blast English authority in Ireland out of existence and, incidentally, to leave three hundred thousand blameless British citizens, the Southern

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Irish loyalists, to incur the horrors of murder, arson, and the violation of women, then Mr. Garvin, shouting, if possible, louder than before, enforced with even more than a convert's usual zeal the heaven-sent ideas of his new chief.

That chief had won the general election of 1918 by posing as the David alone capable of slaying the Goliath of revolution, and in playing that part he received, needless to say, the enthusiastic support of his henchman of *The Observer*. But when David, instead of continuing in his proper rôle of Giant-killer, linked arms with the Russian Goliath by establishing commercial relations with him, while suffering him to start what was in actual fact an official centre of propaganda in London, then Mr. Garvin gave to his champion, with undiminished ardour, the aid of his vehement pen.

To recall these little veerings in Mr. Garvin's distinguished past does not lack pertinence now. For when a man has furnished absolute proof of his conviction that he has been terribly mistaken, by turning round and fighting furiously against the side for which, with equal energy, he had previously contended, then he himself can hardly deem the idea altogether preposterous that he may be equally mistaken again.

The real position is that, as a consequence of Mr. Lloyd George's Socialistic policy, Great Britain has suffered very grave financial injury. Russian agents, under the tutelage of M. Krassin, have fulfilled their mission of stirring up industrial strife throughout the land. Seizing the favourable opportunity afforded by Mr. Lloyd George's subservience to Moscow, they have done much to stimulate many of the strikes which have wrought such mischief to English trade. Through the loss thus inflicted, coupled with the terrible "ca' canny" policy which their doctrines have assisted to produce, millions of men, women, and children are living to-day in destitution, and existing only by the dole. Had the late Premier, when in power, followed a policy consonant with the pretexts by which he gained it; had he resolutely barred the entrance of paid Russian incendiaries upon our English soil, the benefit resulting to our present economic position would have been considerable.

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Now, at long last, the Foreign Minister of a Conservative administration has informed the Soviet Government that their hostile activities in this land must cease. Lord Curzon's memorandum is one of the most crushing indictments ever penned. He recapitulates the deeds (almost every one of which is a *casus belli*) of the would-be destroyers of civilisation. He shows by incontrovertible evidence that, alike in Persia, in Afghanistan, on the borders of India and in India itself, as also in Turkey, in Egypt, in the British Dominions, and, of course, in these islands, Russian agents, using Russian money, have been working to injure British interests and the peace of the world. He quotes the very words of a Soviet envoy to his official superior: "I consider it most important to maintain personal touch with and render at least the minimum amount of assistance to Indian revolutionaries." He recalls the fact that the sum of £75,000 has been recently sent from Moscow to the British Communist Party, while another sum of £120,000 has been allotted to the Communists of Hindustan. Then he recites some few of the innumerable outrages perpetrated on British subjects in Russia, including in these the infamous treatment lately meted out to the ill-starred crews of English trawlers, who surely might have looked for some sympathy, even from our Labour Party. Finally, he refers to the gross insolence with which was received the courteous remonstrance, made by the English Government at the instigation of all the Churches and backed by all civilised opinion, against the savage executions of Russian ecclesiastics.

As the average decent Englishman reads the long catalogue of injuries and wrongs perpetrated against the British Empire and the British flag, the sentiment kindled in his mind is one of indignation at the criminal folly of Mr. Lloyd George and his followers in having ever entered into any sort of relations with the unspeakable Ministers of Bolshevism. Cleopatra pressed an asp to her bosom, but, as an act of suicide, what was that in comparison?

It is at this point that Mr. Garvin appears upon the scene. What has he to say? He is filled with pious horror at Lord Curzon's precipitance. "The Foreign Secretary has thrown toad and adder into the witches' cauldron of Europe to set more blue flames dancing." "The improve-

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ment of relations " should have been his aim. . . . " Lord Curzon, we regret to say, has acted like a pre-war statesman of the Hohenzollern age in lumping up every sort of miscellaneous grievance in one document and then presenting it to Moscow with a demand for Russia's total and unconditional surrender within ten days." Yet when you present a reckoning, you include all items in it, and, when you deal with a dubious customer, you must make him understand that you mean to have it paid. The wonder, in this case, is that the presentment of the bill has been so long delayed. The proper method, according to Mr. Garvin, would have been to send it in only in part, with no effective intimation to induce immediate settlement. If that course had been followed, it is as certain as death that no result would have ensued. The Soviet Ministers would simply have laughed in our faces, as they have laughed before. Neither would there have been compensation for injuries, nor cessation of propagandist activity, nor release of the imprisoned British fishermen.

But the Editor of *The Observer* gives away his own case. " For the proceedings of the Soviet Government," he declares, " since Lenin's " (that saintly gentleman!) " guiding control was relaxed, we have not a single word to say. They have been maddening and impracticable. Their evasions are interminable; their insulting answers are insufferable. Their attack upon ecclesiastics, whether Catholic or Orthodox, we regard with abhorrence. Their hostile propaganda on our Indian fringes must stop. The arbitrary seizure of British trawlers outside the three-mile limit cannot be tolerated for an instant." Would it have been possible for Mr. Garvin to frame a stronger justification for that missive of Lord Curzon's which he condemns?

Another sin which it seems that Lord Curzon has committed is that he " has opposed the formal recognition of the Government of the day in Russia." Mr. Garvin, then, is in favour of that recognition. He is fond of grandiloquent phrases, so, in something dimly resembling his own style, we will tell him that such an act would cover Europe as with the darkness of the infernal regions. It would be like the admission of hell into the comity of civilised nations.

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For this Soviet Government of Russia is a portent to which the controllers of the Reign of Terror during the first French revolution afford but a faint parallel. Its members are blood-soaked ruffians whose continued existence is an outrage on mankind. The gallows, or at least the criminal lunatic asylum, is the fate which they richly merit. Prating about the "proletariat," they have been enriching themselves at the cost of the poorest of the poor. Their rule is based on force alone and, were that force removed, they would fall in an instant into the depths whence they came. They have made torture an instrument of the State. They have ruined an Empire and starved millions to death. That we should have consented to form any relations whatever with them is the abiding disgrace of Mr. Lloyd George and the late Coalition Ministry. As for coming to any sort of agreement with these scoundrels, the very idea is ridiculous, seeing that their avowed principle and practice are to keep no faith with any Government. As for trade, the only solid means of paying us which Russia now possesses are found in stolen goods. Beyond these, her resources consist in her power to grant concessions to private individuals, or companies—a point on which Mr. Garvin does not dwell. If we now break with her, it is possible that German concessionaires may benefit. But against this may well be set both the immense moral relief of severance and also the full freedom then accruing to the British Government to rid us of the plague of the Soviet agents' presence.

On Sunday, the 13th of last month, a Bolshevik meeting was held in Trafalgar Square to protest against Lord Curzon's Note, and, just as the devil can quote Scripture, so the gentlemen who are for ever urging throat cutting brandished banners calling for international peace. This gathering was a complete fiasco, exciting neither interest nor enthusiasm, in spite of all the efforts of Mr. Garvin and his Bolshevik friends. But the very fact that Moscow had the power to arrange this demonstration in London is in itself sufficient proof of the need of putting an end to any intercourse with that centre of murder and crime. Mr. Garvin desires strange company.

Review of Investments

By Raymond Radclyffe

THE Continental position has to a certain extent frightened the investor. It is quite possible that no trouble will come: nevertheless, wise people have for some time past been taking profits and putting their money into short-dated Government loans. Bankers and others have come to the conclusion that prices of sound industrials are all too high, that there is a bull account open, and that it is not the time to buy, but rather to sell. Consequently, we have seen dullness in all the markets, and in some cases considerable selling. If the political horizon clears, no doubt trade, which is better all over England, will inspire confidence, and another rush of buying may be expected in the autumn. At the same time it is only right to point out that if we do get a fresh wave of optimism an increase in the Bank-rate is very probable. Dear money always shuts down speculation, and therefore those who cannot afford to pay for their shares should bear in mind that they are running a very definite danger in carrying stock when they may be faced with a squeeze in money rates.

The position in America is by no means clear. At the time of writing there seems to be a pause in the boom, but, with the United States holding such an enormous amount of gold, credits have been freely given, with the result that internal trade throughout America has lost its head. If the export business had increased *pari passu* with production, all would have been well, but unfortunately the rise in prices all over America has prevented the big firms from increasing their foreign trade. The United States is therefore living upon its fat, a dangerous condition for any country, and there is no doubt that unless exports can be increased we may see a collapse of the boom. But I do not think that it will tumble to pieces under a year.

High prices in America mean good trade here, for many firms who have been fighting Yankee competition are now getting orders from abroad which formerly went to the United States. Thanks to the abnormal position

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created in the Ruhr, our home trade benefits all round. That it can benefit permanently is impossible, for the prosperity of one country must mean the prosperity of other countries, and until the Franco-German problem is settled the whole of Europe will suffer. Therefore manufacturers, although busy to-day, must remember that their luck can only be short-lived.

THE EXCHANGES.

It is quite clear that the French Government is pegging its exchange. The financial position of France is serious. The expense of the Army of Occupation is enormous, and France refuses to be taxed, whilst the politician is for ever crying out that all will be well when Germany pays. But can Germany pay? That is a question many people are asking, and the answer is usually in accord with the political proclivities of the person making the query. Germany inflates by the simple process of printing marks. This has an almost immediate effect upon the exchange. France inflates by the more subtle process of issuing Bonds. Sooner or later the immense loans created must have an effect on the franc. The time will come when France will find the interest on the loans exceeds the receipts from taxation. She must then either write down her debts, or increase her taxation. One or the other course is inevitable. The end will not be reached this year, but in 1924 the reporter on the Budget will have to tell a very serious story. Business people in France quite realise the position, but they hope to get out on Germany. Can they?

CHINA.

There is some talk in the papers of a new Chinese Loan to be floated by the Crisp group, apparently against the wishes of the Consortium. When Mr. Birch Crisp made his Loan in 1912, I supported it, because in those days the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank was largely under German influence, and I thought that it would be just as well if China could be financed by a purely British group. To-day the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank is completely English, and it has such control over Chinese money matters, and exercises that control with so much care and astuteness, that I consider a new Crisp Loan doomed to

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failure. What security can China offer for such a loan? I do not believe that either the Customs or the Salt will be inclined to mortgage their surplus revenues to anyone outside the Consortium. When I left China at the end of the war it was the general opinion of all bankers that unless a stable Government could be established which was strong enough to do away with the rule of the Tuchun, China must become bankrupt. It is impossible to exaggerate the evil done in China by the military. The brigands (who are only unpaid soldiers) now control immense areas and Peking is powerless. Trade is disorganised, human life is not safe, and both Customs and Salt revenue must fall away unless these military bandits can be controlled. The Chinese are patriotic up to a point, but there is no cohesion in their patriotism. They will boycott the Japanese and successfully combine in trade matters. But they will not combine politically. Personally, I can see nothing for China but a restoration of the monarchy. The Chinese are peculiarly unsuited to a Republican form of government. The country is immensely rich, its mineral wealth quite undeveloped, its people honest and industrious; but it needs a strong hand.

OIL SHARES.

A bear account appears to have developed in the Oil Market, with the result that prices have hardened. There is no doubt that a quarrel has been brewing for some time past amongst the members of the Oil Ring. Tremendous efforts have been made to patch up a peace, but it is doubtful whether they will succeed. The competition is severe, the amount of oil produced is more than sufficient to meet the demand, and it is possible that we may see an oil war even bigger than that which sent the price of case oil down to a lower quotation than that paid for the tins alone. But it seems to me that whenever Royal Dutch go below 30 they should be bought. Shells, Burmahs, and Anglo-Persian are all too highly valued, and such concerns as Phoenix and British Controlled can be left to the speculator. They are not for the careful investor. I am not saying that there is no oil in Venezuela. There is plenty; but the expense of developing it into a paying proposition is enormous, and Shell and Standard Oil will

REVIEW OF INVESTMENTS

probably squeeze the heart out of British Controlled. We most of us read the warning letter in the *Morning Post* written by Sir Charles Greenway on Roumanian affairs. If Sir Charles cannot make Steaua Romana pay, then certainly Mr. Cornrich cannot do better with Phoenix.

RUBBER.

The rubber restriction policy was an excellent thing for the unfortunate people who had big stocks of rubber and the luckless jobbers who had been landed with big blocks of rubber shares. The Colonial Office very kindly got both groups out of a horrible mess. But whether the policy is sound, or whether it will be a good thing for the planting industry in the long run, is quite another matter. Personally, I believe that restriction is impossible. I do not think that any Government will be able to control smuggling on the coast of the Malay, or prevent the Dutch from underselling the British. I do not think that it is a wise thing to force the Americans to attempt rubber cultivation in the Philippines or on the east coast of Sumatra, and I am sure that an artificial price of rubber can only keep up the cost of production, prevent the planter from becoming economical, and in the end help no one except the speculator. Prices of all rubber shares are much too high, nearly every company watered its capital, and, though costs have been largely reduced, the dividends that have been declared during the past few months give a miserable return on the money invested. The only shares worth buying are Tea and Rubber Plantations in Ceylon, for the tea trade is brisk and a double profit can be made. London Asiatic paid 10 per cent., not out of profits, but out of surplus brought in. For the current year it might make £50,000 profit, but as the capital will be increased by the purchase of two large estates, the dividend cannot be increased. This is an excellent concern with sound finance; nevertheless, at 4s. the yield is only 5 per cent., and no one should buy a rubber share unless they can see 10 per cent. clear.

INDUSTRIALS.

Although the prices of nearly all industrial enterprises are much too high, the prospect for the current year is

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good, and therefore I see no reason why the investor, as distinct from the speculator, should not hold on. Vickers' figures are very disappointing, but the overhead charges in this huge vertical combine are enormous. For the past two years the preference and the 5 per cent. dividend on ordinary have called for £852,290, and in these two years the surplus has been drawn upon to the extent of £287,732. Such a policy cannot be continued, but there is hope that with the two ships now in hand the profits will increase, for it is commonly believed that an armament firm makes about a quarter of a million out of each ship, exclusive of guns. The balance sheet of a blind pool like Vickers is almost impossible to analyse, but in the past two years the ratio of net quick assets to total assets was only 14·6 per cent. in 1921 and 15·4 per cent. in 1922, and the ratio of earnings was 1·89 per cent. in 1921 and only 1·54 per cent. in 1922. These figures are not encouraging; nevertheless, a purchase of Vickers to-day is a good hedge against war. Fine Cotton Spinners have had a wonderful year and very wisely have refused to water the capital. The earnings are up £330,121 at £943,460, and £100,000 goes to dividend reserve, leaving £210,331 to go forward after raising the dividend to 12½ per cent. The balance sheet shows a strong position. The reserves are over two millions, against a share capital of £7,615,000, and current assets exceed current liabilities by £7,739,359, a ratio of 51·35 per cent. to total assets; whilst the ratio of earnings to total assets is 6·26 per cent. The shares only give a yield of 5 per cent., but there is no doubt that the assets are undervalued, and I think that holders should hang on.

Brunner Mond seem to have got over all their trouble and they have made a profit of £1,650,295, which is about 60 per cent. better than the previous year. £225,000 goes to a mysterious suspense account and the reserve is brought up to a round £900,000, leaving £91,911 to go forward after paying 11 per cent. Creditors have been reduced £880,410, but stocks are down £316,175, and cash is down £624,142, with the result that the financial position varies very little from last year. Then the ratio of net quick assets to total assets was 17·9 per cent., and this year it is 18·17 per cent., but the ratio of earnings, which last year was only 3·7 per cent., is now 8·03 per cent. Probably

REVIEW OF INVESTMENTS

the firm is one of the best managed in the country, and, though the yield is very little over $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., I think the shares should be held. Some large blocks have been disposed of during the past few months, but the market has absorbed them freely. It would seem as though the investor were starving for first-class securities, for many millions of Imperial Tobacco and British-American Tobacco shares have been sold during the past year by Duke and by the trustees of the various deceased Wills family; nevertheless, the price has steadily risen. Babcock and Wilcox do not appear very expensive, for the firm is full of orders and is admirably managed. The report of Tweedales and Smalley was phenomenal, and I think that all the textile machinery firms may be given another year's run.

The Central Mining figures are very fine. The profit is up £197,646 at £442,552, and not only is the dividend raised to 10 per cent., but £100,000 is placed to reserve, leaving £92,853 to go forward. In view of what I have said about big firms putting their money into Government securities, it should be noted that the clever people who run Central Mining have increased their holdings of Government securities over £1,200,000 in the year. The balance sheet is liquid, and, taking the face value of the assets and deducting creditors and unquoted securities, which are over a million and a half, the share capital is only short by £358,159, and I believe that the bulk of the assets have been written down so stringently that there is a hidden reserve of almost a million. The current year seems likely to be good, and although the shares have had a considerable rise I think they are worth buying. It will be noted that Central Mining are now interested in Bernhard Scholle and Co., Ltd., and this new group of financiers, with its connection in New York and Paris, is likely to make itself felt in high finance, for it is run by Mr. Herbert Rothbarth, a director of Rand Mines, who was formerly with Kuhn Loeb and a partner in the American house of Bernhard Scholle and Co.

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THIS practical guide for beginners, by a Fellow of the Royal Philatelic Society, is an excellently done little book, giving a real insight into the fascinations of the pursuit and capture of stamps, their recognition, treatment, and appreciation. No hobby calls for more minute concentration upon earmarks, or offers a wider range of variations to intrigue the mind. It is necessary to be something of a connoisseur, a bit of a detective, a disentangler of modern histories and geographies, and to have a turn for fine mechanical processes as well, to set up as a philatelist. It is no easy thing—what sport is? But the lucid presentation of the difficulties and pleasures of the game by this judgmatic enthusiast, fortified by his excellent tables, references to authorities, and well-chosen illustrations, stirs the neophyte to undertake the difficulties and delights of the chase. Mr. Croom-Johnson's book is the best ordered and most informative manual for beginners that has come our way.

BOOKS

VICTOR HUGO. By LT.-COL. ANDREW C. P. HAGGARD, D.S.O.
Hutchinson. 16s.

COLONEL HAGGARD always writes very acceptably, but one wants more than skilful bookmaking for a Victor Hugo. His is a name that lifts us into the realms of earthquake and eclipse, and "Little Arthur" methods do not chime with this volcanic personality. It needs a Hugo to do justice to a Hugo. Colonel Haggard's life is upon the accomplished level of the Bonnat portrait—which he prints amongst his illustrations—rather than that of the Rodin statue, in which, according to Anatole France, the sculptor "collaborated with catastrophe" to produce a masterpiece of interpretation. This splenetic commentary is perhaps the result of disappointed expectations. Hugo only died in 1885, and there are many of his intimates still living; the world is small and the arm of coincidence long, so one half hoped for the personal touch; contacts between the young man and the old, or some other miracle of circumstance. Instead one gets a sufficiently interesting story in cold print of the "Work and Loves," with well-chosen extracts from, and synopsis of, the principal works, and selections from Juliette's charming love letters. Something is made of the man's personal idiosyncracies, ambitions, courage, and genius. The story is sound enough as far as it goes, and well judged for the purposes of the leisured public. Bastien Lepage's portrait of Juliette Drouet in old age, Victor Vilain's bust of her in her prime, and a popular lithograph of her in the hey-day of her stage career, help us to visualise this great lover; whilst Victor, her god, is figured in Devéria's excellent youthful portrait, in a poor lithograph of 1840, and in the Bonnat portrait already mentioned. Count d'Orsay's sketch of Napoleon the little, and a chocolate box picture of Madame Victor Hugo also add interest to this work.

FICTION.

TIME IS WHISPERING. By ELIZABETH ROBINS. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.
net.

WHEN Mrs. Lathom orders Sir Henry Ellerton off his own property because he dresses like a tramp, the intelligent reader scents afar the mature romance which is artistically inevitable and, if he knows his Elizabeth Robins, anticipates a great deal of incidental and interesting by-play of event and conversation before the climax is arrived at. For without a great deal of enlisted sympathy the love affairs of the elderly are apt to look rather earthy, and, in this story, both had been twice married—or its equivalent—already. So it is a perfect friendship which develops between this fascinating widow of fifty and the retired Indian official with chalk-white hair. They have both lived in Indian Government circles and know the sort of distorted facts about each other's life that at once attract and repel, and there is no doubt but Mrs. Lathom does lay herself out to please the rugged, silent, scorner of women, half in pique and half because she is a lonely woman and because the ideas and manners of the young—even those of her adored son—leave her hungry for the beauty of wisdom and experience. It is just the beauty of wisdom and experience, of the tried soul, that is the theme of this

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story. Sir Henry is a particularly baffling figure needing a great deal of elucidation; he is, in the end, almost tediously superhuman, and nobody unprepared to accept the idea and elucidation—the incidental plums of commentary and opinion—the way, that is, rather than the end—should undertake the journey. Having warned off romantic triflers, the elect will know that they at least get a book to read.

THE BACK SEAT. By G. B. STERN. Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.

MR. STERN's delightfully good-humoured and lighthearted story of the household of a brilliant and popular actress is the jolliest book for a month of Sundays. Lonora is such a whirling delightful dear, laughing at her own pretences and professionalisms that are always craving for the spot light. Her husband, too, is whimsically and lovably pathetic; the ego-centric "baby" daughter, with her poses—Faith, the heiress of her mother's ageing charm; Pat Ormond, the rising dramatist, who remains a good chap, as well as the supers in the plot—all are done with that touch of fresh and happy fun which transmutes irony into appreciation and wit into humour. The very dog, with "the Elizabeth Barrett Browning ringlets," plays a part in this comedy of success and failure of youth and maturity. Real comedy, with depth below its sparkle and with heart in its cleverness, *The Back Seat* is of Mr. Stern's best.

TALES WITHOUT MORALS. By ARNOLD PALMER. Selwyn and Blount. 7s. 6d.

MR. PALMER is a master of easy subtlety—easy that is to read—he can take you into those depths of implication which make up the real stuff of life, but which are so difficult to put into acceptable words; hence his area of subject matter is so wide that the mere story hardly matters. In the first of this remarkable group of sketches he is content to do without a story at all and yet he can, and does, tell a rattling tale of matched cunning, between trainer and punter, in his lively "Brown of Epsom," a story full of the serpent's wisdom. But his "Darling Liza" and his "What it is to be a Rose" are the two gems of an unusually good set, presenting the social complex of to-day with real mastery. There is also deep and brilliant irony in his stories about the men behind the front and their rivalry in the collection of decorations. In short, this is a book of consummate story-telling from which the reader gets more than is so subtly and wittily set down—a real treat for those who appreciate distinction.

AND IT WAS SO. By WINIFRED GRAHAM. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

THIS syndicated title certainly fits the book—as it would fit a good many others—and one appreciates the gentle irony of the book's creator, and her modesty in not adding "and behold it was very good." It is certainly of the stuff of which best sellers are made, variations upon popular themes, a touch of Fauntleroy, deftly transposed in sex and circumstances, a picturesque background of Hampton Court, a lovely young governess, who disguises her charms in Noahian simplicity, a second son—he ought to have been third—of sterling honour and filial

BOOKS

piety, contrasting pleasantly with a terrible elder brother; a wicked baronet, with touches of sweetness in his nature brought out by the angel child, who transforms her haughty grandmother in her stride, as it were. And a touch of the illicit in the relationship between the elder brother's wife and her company-promoting friend. All completed by the surprise for the reader at the end not to be given away prematurely. What more could you want?

TRAVEL.

MY JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD. LORD NORTHCLIFFE. Lane.
12s. 6d. net.

THE astonishing thing about this book is that the Napoleonic touch never once peeps through the frank, almost boyish, enthusiasm of these personal impressions, set down hot (very hot sometimes) from the extraordinarily acclaimed and fêted days of an almost royal progress six months long. Dictated at odd moments and in odd places, or written laboriously after exhausting days, they have the quality which sketches from nature so often lose in elaboration, and make a book which is a finer index to the essential quality of Northcliffe the man than his purposed elaboration of these impressions, written for the great public, could have been. There is nothing of the gifted journalist, and little of the politician in these notes dutifully penned for the eyes of his mother and his home circle, but one gets glimpses of something very unspoiled and simple in the determination to see and enjoy everything and learn as much as possible—to get in as much salutary golf as might be—with naïve delight when his much-followed game came off, to talk to all and sundry ship fellows, and, above all, to write home with regularity and despatch. All the way round, in America, Japan, China, Singapore, Indo-China, Java, India, Egypt, and Palestine there were official receptions, junketings, speeches, journalistic congresses, motor tours, uniforms and fireworks upon a scale to exhaust the powers of a Hercules. Days often beginning at 4.30 and going on until midnight, always with new strangenesses to note and new impressions to receive, and still the pleasant easy flow of this singular record goes on—a real feat of resolution and temper. Naturally, such a man takes himself with some seriousness, but the fabled Northcliffe comes out in these home letters as a very human and unaffected personality, with a singular faculty for getting the salient things in the picture without any literary affectation or a single touch of megalomania. The Editors, Cecil and St. John Harmsworth, have done their work very well; they have confessedly eliminated some personalities and supplied appendix of press cuttings, index, map, and one portrait. Should editions be called for, there must be a wealth of photographic matter which would add great interest to this amazing tour of the world.

POETRY.

PRIDE AND OTHER POEMS. By DOROTHY WELLESLEY. Heinemann.

THE poetry of Dorothy Wellesley is marked by a view of the function of poetical expression which is, in these days, so constantly and deliberately set aside. If, instead of being merely a knick-knack on the

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side tables of artistic dilettantism, poetry is to serve as a vehicle for the utterance of the modern mind, it cannot be dissociated from intellect, and poetical form must be subservient and subordinate to the substance of poetry itself. In the limpid medium of a technique worn with easy grace, and eschewing licence without being precious or punctilious, is reflected a woman's soul of singular charm and many-sided contrasts. Fundamental as is with her the love of those tranquillising things, the skyey perspectives, the changing moods of an English landscape, the simplicity of child-wonder, hers is a mind not only modern, but over-sophisticated even to the last bitterness of protest against the unrealities of illusion. To the macabre she returns more than once, as in that whimsical piece, "A Will," where the mourners, at a posthumous banquet, are invited to "make old insinuations clear; unbottle all—wine, words, without pretence!" But it is when those irritants are in abeyance that the truer power comes to light. The human soul is fundamentally brave, beautiful and heroic, and it is that human beauty and heroism which, at last, justifies God, and makes us forgive Him.

God said: "Let there be Dark." Listen above,
Above the tumult, listen to Man's voice.
Still through the trouble of creation hear
The voice of the created cry: "Rejoice!"

Storm drives us onward to the drama's end.
But see, above the empyrean disaster
Of dark creation, shines the strength still on.
Man said: "Let there be Light." Serene in thunder
He finds his peace, each man alone—alone.

It is not in the tender nursing of faint illusions, but in the fact that life is perceivable as beauty, that the reconciliation is to be found.

Broken by pride,
Too sick to stagger against earthly shock,
Shall I beg help from powers I have defied?
Peel me this skin of pride: death doffs the mask.
Did you plumb passion's wells? Or dying ask
Compassion from the cruel, pity from sinners?
Bleed to death inwardly, and laugh, talk wise,
And love most foolishly? You are the winners,
You will not fall.—Be still, you did not rise.

This last is from "The Ascent of Icarus," the concluding piece in a volume in which there is much that one would like to quote. These, admittedly, are half-blown blossoms rather than ripe, open blooms, indications of directions rather than accomplished achievements. But as compared with the wayward deviations of so much contemporary verse, the direction towards which they lead the artistic vision is a true Pisgah view of its appointed course. These are not the filigrees of æsthetic toying or the poses of studied attitudes, but the genuine and living substance of poetry.



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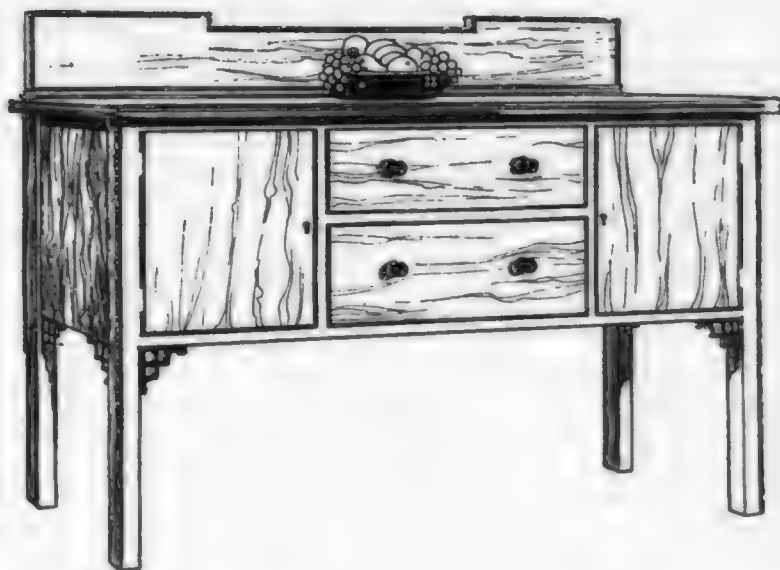
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Style and Subtlety

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.



The Human Race

IT is symptomatic of the twentieth century that all modern artists are mercantile, and that a few modern merchants are artistic.

The production of men's clothes is an art—an art dependent upon the finer subtleties to suggest individuality and style. The scope of design is limited; the modern man does not permit himself the endless variety of costume which the modern woman demands; despite this artistic and economic limitation, the difference between a suit cut by an exclusive West End tailor and one made outside the sacred precincts is just as colossal as the difference between a Poiret gown and a Peckham perpetration.

There is no false modesty in the blunt statement that the House of Pope and Bradley has led the fashions in the West End for the last decade, and there is an immensity of difference between originating a fashion and merely following it in herd-like subservience.

The House is controlled by artistry, but the strange part is that the prices charged are more

moderate than many other less eminent West End tailors. There is, of course, a fly in the ointment somewhere. The disturbing "fly" is that Pope and Bradley require cash immediately their productions are completed, and not in the dim and distant future when the clothes are worn out—if, indeed, ever they are.

Here is the commercial argument. Pope and Bradley is not a company; it is owned by an individual. If the House gave credit it would require a minimum capital of £250,000—work out the interest at, say, 8 per cent. Incidentally, the individual can scrape along on a little less than this £20,000 a year representing the interest alone, and that is why the most famous and successful tailoring house in Europe can supply its productions at about 25 per cent. less than any other of the exclusive firms.

If the owner of this business could afford it he would make clothes for all his customers without any profit whatever, not only from philanthropic motives, but also to express his vicious opinion of the iniquitous Income Tax. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d. Overcoats from £7 7s.

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